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JAMES
THE FATALIST

AND
HIS MASTER.

VOL. II.

1847

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JAMES
THE FATALIST
AND
HIS MASTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
DIDEROT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1797.

JAMES

THE FATHER

HIS MASTER

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH
BY J. D. DUBOIS



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JAMES
THE
FATALIST
AND HIS
MASTER.

WHILE James and his Master are enjoying repose, I am going to discharge my promise by the history of the man in the prison who was scraping upon the bass, or rather of his comrade, Mr. Gousse.

The third, said he to me, is the steward of a family of rank. He had fallen in love with the wife of a pastry-

cook, in the street of the University. The pastry-cook was a simple fellow, who paid more attention to his oven than to the conduct of his wife. If his jealousy did not incommode our lovers they were at least embarrassed by his assiduity. What did they do to free themselves from this constraint? The steward presented to his master a petition, in which the pastry-cook was represented as a man of bad morals, a drunkard, who was constantly in the tavern, a brute who beat his wife, the most virtuous and most unfortunate of women. Upon this petition he obtained a *lettre-de-cachet*, and this *lettre-de-cachet*, which disposed of the liberty of the husband, was put into the hands of an exempt to be executed without delay. It happened, by accident, that this exempt was a friend of the pastry-cook.

They

They were accustomed to go now and then to the wine merchant. The pastry-cook furnished the tarts, and the exempt paid the bottle. The latter, authorised by the *lettre-de-cachet*, passed before the pastry-cook's door, and made him their usual signals. As they were eating the tarts, and moistening them with wine, the exempt asked his companion how his trade went?—Very well.—If he had no unpleasant affair upon his hands?—None.—If he had no enemies?—He did not know of any.—On what terms he lived with his relations, his neighbours, his wife?—In friendship and in peace.—Whence then can proceed, added the exempt, the order I have to arrest you? If I did my duty I should seize you by the collar, there would be a coach in waiting, and I should conduct you to the place appointed by this *lettre-de-cachet*.

cachet. Take and read it . . . The pastry-cook read and turned pale. The exempt said to him: courage, let us only consider what is best to be done for my security and for yours. Who frequents your house?—Nobody.—Your wife is a coquet and is handsome.—I allow her to do as she pleases.—Has no body any design upon her?—No, by my faith, if it be not a certain steward, who comes sometimes and squeezes her hands and repeats to her idle stuff; but it is in my shop, in presence of myself and my boys, and I believe that nothing passes between them which is not perfectly consistent with virtue and honour.—You are a simple fellow!—That is very possible, but the best thing a man can do is to believe his wife honest, and thus I act.—And to whom does this steward belong?—To M. de Saint Florentin.—

And

And from what offices do you think this *lettre-de-cachet* has issued?—From the offices of M. de St. Florentin perhaps.—You are right.—What! eat my pastry, kiss my wife, and imprison me! this is too black; I cannot believe it!—You are a simple fellow! How have you found your wife for some days?—Rather melancholy than gay.—And how long is it since you saw the steward?—Yesterday, I believe; yes, it was yesterday.—Did you observe anything?—I am not much addicted to make observations, but I thought that when going away they made signs with their heads, one seeming to say yes, the other no.—Which of them seemed to say yes?—The steward.—They are either innocent or they are accomplices. Harken, my friend, don't return to your house, save yourself in some place of security in the

B 3

Temple,

Temple, in the Abbaye, or wherever you think proper; and, in the mean time, allow me to manage: above all things, however, remember well . . . Not to make my appearance, and to be secret. —Just so.

At the same moment the house of the pastry-cook is surrounded with spies. Informers in every garb apply to the pastry-cook's wife and enquire after her husband. To one she answers that he is sick, to another that he is gone to an entertainment, to a third that he is gone to a wedding.—When is he to return? —She cannot tell.

The third day about two o'clock in the morning, the exempt was informed that a man had been seen, with his head wrapt up in a cloak, gently to open the
street

street door and to steal into the pastry-cook's house. Immediately the exempt, accompanied by a commissary, a smith, a hackney coach and some officers, repairs to the place. The door is picked open, the exempt and the commissary go up stairs with little noise, they knock at the door of the pastry-cook's wife; no answer; they knock again; no answer; the third time they ask from the inside, Who is there?—Open.—Who is there?—Open, in the king's name.—Good, said the steward to the pastry-cook's wife with whom he was in bed, there is no danger, it is the exempt come to execute his order. Open, I will tell him my name, and the matter is ended.

The pastry-cook's wife in her shift opens, and then throws herself again

into bed. The exempt; Where is your husband? The pastry-cook's wife: he is not here. The exempt drawing the curtain, Who is this person then?—Steward: it is I, I am the steward of M. de Saint Florentin.—You lie, you are the pastry-cook, for he is the pastry-cook wholies with the pastry-cook's wife. Rise, dress yourself, and follow me.

It was necessary to obey. He was brought here. The minister apprised of the villainy of his steward, has approved the conduct of the exempt, who is to come at night, to transport him to the Bicêtre, where thanks to the œconomy of the administrators he will eat his quarter of bad bread, his ounce of beef and scrape his bass from morning till night . . . Should I likewise lay my head

head down on the pillow till James and his Master awake; what say you?

Next day James rose very early, thrust his head out at the window to see what kind of weather it was, and found it was detestable, went to bed again and left his Master and me to sleep as long as we pleased.

James, his Master, and the other travellers who had stopped at the same inn, supposed that it would clear up about mid-day. Still, however, it did not, and the rain, by which the tempest was accompanied, having swelled the stream which separated the suburbs from the city to such a height that it was dangerous to pass, all those whose way lay on that side adopted the resolution of losing a day and waiting. Some got into conversation;

versation; others walked about, thrust their nose out at the door, looked at the sky and came in again swearing and stamping their feet; many engaged in politics and drinking, many in play, the remainder in smoaking, sleeping, and doing nothing. The Master said to James; I hope that James will resume the story of his amours, and that heaven, desirous that I should enjoy the satisfaction of hearing the conclusion of them, detains us here by bad weather.

J A M E S.

Heaven desirous! We never know what heaven desires and what it does not, and perhaps it is perfectly ignorant itself. My poor captain who is no more, has repeated it to me an hundred times; and the longer I have lived the more I have

have perceived that he was right . . .
Now for your part, my Master,

M A S T E R .

I understand. You were at the coach,
and the servant whom the doctor's
wife told to draw your curtains and
speak to you.

J A M E S .

This servant comes to my bed side,
and says to me, Come, my good fellow,
get up, dress yourself, and let us set
out.—I answered, from between the
sheets and the bed cover in which my
head was wrapped, without either see-
ing or being seen by him; Comrade, let
me sleep, and go away.—The servant
replies to me, that he has orders from
his master, and that he must execute
them.—And this master of yours, who
gives

gives you orders respecting a man whom he knows nothing about, has he ordered payment of what I owe here? The matter is settled.—Make haste; all the family expect you at the Castle, where you will be better off than here; at least, if their treatment correspond with the curiosity they have to see you.

I let myself be persuaded, I rose and dressed myself; he takes my arm. I had taken leave of the doctor's wife, and was going to mount the carriage, when this woman, coming up to me, takes me by the sleeve, and asks me to go to the corner of the room, where she had a word to speak to me. Friend, added she, you have no reason to complain of me; the doctor has saved your limb; I have paid you a great deal of attention, I hope you will not forget me at the
Castle.

Castle.—What can I do for you?—You can desire that my husband attend you there; they are people of fashion; it is the best practice in the country. The nobleman is generous, and pays handsomely; it will be your fault if you do not make our fortune. My husband has made many attempts to introduce himself there, but all to no purpose.—But, Mistress Doctor, is there not a surgeon at the Castle?—Certainly there is!—And if he were your husband, how would you relish his being unjustly dismissed?—This surgeon is a man to whom you are not at all indebted, and, I think, you are under some obligations to my husband; if you are restored to the use of your limb, it is his doing.—And because your husband has done me a kindness,
must

must I be guilty of an injury to another? Yet, if the place were vacant . .

James was going to proceed when the hostess entered, with Fanny in her arms, wrapped up in swaddling clothes, kissing it, bemoaning its misfortunes, caressing it, and talking to it as if it had been her child. My poor Fanny! It has done nothing but cried all night. And you, gentlemen, have you slept well?

MASTER.

Very well.

HOSTESS.

Time slips away at all hands.

JAMES.

It is troublesome enough after all.

HOST-

HOSTESS.

Have you far to go?

JAMES.

We know nothing about it.

HOSTESS.

You are in pursuit of some person?

JAMES.

We are not in pursuit of any person.

HOSTESS.

You go on or stop, according as your business on the road may suggest.

JAMES.

We have no business.

HOSTESS.

You are travelling for pleasure.

JAMES.

JAMES.

Or for pain.

HOSTESS.

I wish the former may be the case.

JAMES.

Your wishes do not signify a straw ;
it will happen as it is decreed on high.

HOSTESS.

Oh ! it is a marriage.

JAMES.

Perhaps it may be so, or it may not.

HOSTESS.

Be cautious, gentlemen. That man
below, who used my poor Fanny so
cruelly, has made a very ridiculous
marriage Come, my poor
beast,

beast, let me kiss you ; I promise you this shall not happen to you again. See how it trembles at every joint !

. M A S T E R .

And what is it which is so singular in this man's marriage ?

When James's Master put this question, the hostess says, I hear a noise below, I will go and give some orders, and then I shall return and tell you the whole story . . . The husband, after being tired calling, My dear, my dear, comes up stairs, and along with him a neighbour, whom he did not observe. The landlord says to his wife, What the devil is this you have done ? . . . Then turning round and perceiving his neighbour ; Have you brought me some money ?

NEIGHBOUR.

No, friend, you know very well that
I have none.

HOST.

You have none ! I shall know then
what to do with your plough, your
horses, your oxen and your bed. How,
tatterdemalion ! . . .

NEIGHBOUR.

I am no tatterdemalion.

HOST.

And what are you then ? you are in
misery ; you do not know where to find
corn to sow your fields with ; your
landlord, tired of making you advances,
means to withdraw from you all further
assistance. You come to me, this wo-
man intercedes ; this cursed prattler,
who

who is the cause of all the follies of my life, persuades me to lend you money ; I lend it you ; you promise to repay it, and disappoint me ten times. Oh ! I promise you, that I shall not disappoint you. Out, out, I say . . .

James and his Master were preparing to plead this poor devil's cause, but the hostess, by putting her finger on her mouth, hinted to them to be silent.

H O S T.

Out from hence.

N E I G H B O U R.

All that you have said is true ; and, what is more, there are bailiffs in my house ; and, in a moment, my girl, my boy, and myself, shall be reduced to beggary.

C 2

HOST.

H O S T.

It is the fate which you deserve. What has brought you here this morning? I leave the bottling of my wine, I come up from my cellar, and don't find you. Out, I say.

N E I G H B O U R.

Friend, I came; I dreaded the reception which you would give me; I have returned, and am going away.

H O S T.

You will do well.

N E I G H B O U R.

Then my poor Margery, who is so accomplished and so handsome, must go to a situation in Paris!

H O S T.

H O S T.

A situation in Paris ! Do you wish to ruin the girl ?

N E I G H B O U R.

It is not I ; it is the austere man to whom I now speak that wishes it.

H O S T.

Me an austere man ! I am not, I never was, and you know it well.

N E I G H B O U R.

I am no longer in a condition to support my daughter and son ; my girl will go into service, and my boy will enlist.

H O S T.

And it is I who am the cause of it ! I cannot bear this.—You are a cruel

c 3

man ;

man ; you will be a pest to me as long as I live. Come, what do your necessities require ?

NEIGHBOUR,

I will accept of nothing. I am vexed at being your debtor, and I never shall contract another obligation to you in the course of my life. You do me more harm by your abuse than good by your services. If I had money I would throw it in your face ; but I have none. My daughter will be whatever it shall please God to make her ; my son will get himself knocked on the head, if it must be ; as for myself, I shall beg, but not at your door. No more obligations to such a scurvy fellow as you. Pocket up the price of my oxen, my horses and my utensils ; much good may it do you. You were
born

born to make ingrates, and I do not wish to be one. Adieu.

H O S T.

My dear, he is going away ; stop him.

H O S T E S S.

Come, neighbour, let us consult about the means of assisting you.

N E I G H B O U R.

I don't wish for his assistance ; it is purchased at too high a price . . .

The landlord repeated, in a low tone of voice, to his wife, Do not let him go away ; stop him. His daughter at Paris ! his son in the army ! himself upon the parish ! I cannot suffer this !

In the mean while, his wife was employing her influence to no purpose :

the peasant, who had some spirit, would not accept of any thing, and remained quite inexorable. The host, with tears in his eyes, addressing himself to James and his Master, said to them, Gentlemen, endeavour to bend him from his purpose . . . James and his Master interfered. They all at once conjured the peasant. If I ever saw . . . —If you ever saw ! but you was not there. Say, if there was ever seen.—Well, be it so. If there was ever seen a man confounded at a refusal, and transported at another condescending to accept his money, it was this host ; he embraced his wife, he embraced James and his Master ; he cried, Let him go, and drive these execrable bailiffs out of the house.

NEIGHBOUR.

Admit then . . .

HOST.

H O S T.

I admit that I spoil every thing; but, friend, what is it that you wish? —Take me as I am. Nature has formed me of a composition of austerity and tenderness.—I can neither grant nor refuse.

N E I G H B O U R.

Can't you act differently?

H O S T.

I am at an age when faults are not easily corrected; but, had the first person who addressed me, snubbed me as much as you have done, I should perhaps have amended. Neighbour, I thank you for this lesson; perhaps I shall profit by it . . . My dear, go down quickly and give him what he wants. —The devil! March then; zounds!

zounds ! march ; go away !—My dear, do pray make a little haste, and not keep him waiting ; you will return immediately to these gentlemen with whom you seem to be so happy . . . The wife goes down stairs with the neighbour. The host staid still a moment ; and, when he was gone, James says to his Master, This is a singular character ! Heaven, which hath sent this bad weather to detain us here, in order that you might hear my amours, what does it now propose ?

The Master, lolling in his arm-chair, yawning, rapping his snuff-box, answered, We have more than one day to live together, James, unless . . .

J A M E S.

That is to say, for this day, it is the pleasure of Heaven that I should hold my tongue,

tongue, or that the hostess should speak. She is a babbler that loves speaking with all her heart; let her speak on then.

M A S T E R.

You seem rather testy.

J A M E S.

It is because I like to speak also.

M A S T E R.

Your time will come.

I understand you, reader; here, say you, have we got the very catastrophe of the *Capricious Philanthropist*. I think it is. I would have introduced into that piece, had I been the author, a character who should have seemed introduced by way of episode, yet who would

would not have been so. This character should have sometimes appeared, and his presence should have been produced by some motive. The first time, he should have come to request a favour; but, the fear of a bad reception should have induced him to retire before the arrival of G ron te. Urged by the entrance of bailiffs into his house, the second time he should have taken courage to wait upon G ron te, but the latter should have refused to see him. At last, I would have brought him to the catastrophe, where he should have played exactly the same part as the peasant with the inn-keeper: like the peasant, he should have had a daughter whom he was going to fix with a milliner; a son whom he was about to withdraw from school, to put him to some employment; as to himself,

self, he should have resolved to beg till he had become tired of life.

You should have seen the capricious philanthropist at the feet of this man, you should have heard the capricious philanthropist scolded as he deserved, he should have been obliged to apply to every family in the neighbourhood, in order to soften his debtor and constrain him to accept new assistance. The capricious philanthropist should have been punished, he should have promised to amend, but at this very moment he should have resumed the character by falling into a passion with the characters in the scene, to whom, when displaying their politeness in entering the house, he should have said bluntly: *What the devil is the use of these cerem. . .* But he should have stopped short in the middle of the
the

the word, and in a softened tone said to his nieces: Come, girls, give me your hands and let us go on.—And in order to have connected this character with the principal business of the piece, you would have made him a protégé of Géronte's nephew?—Very well! And it should have been at the intreaty of the nephew, that the uncle should have lent his money? Admirable!—And this loan should have been a ground of complaint to the uncle against the nephew? Even so.—And would not the catastrophe of this agreeable piece have been a general repetition, before the whole family assembled, of what he had done before with each of them individually? You are right.—And if I ever meet M. Goldoni I will recount to him the scene that passed in the inn.—And you will act

act very properly; he is too able a man * not to turn it to advantage.

The hostess came up stairs, still with Fanny in her arms, and said: I hope you will have a good dinner; for the poacher is just arrived, and his lordship's game-keeper will not be long behind. . . . Saying this she took a chair. When she was seated she began her story, as follows.

H O S T E S S.

One should distrust servants, masters have no worse enemies.

J A M E S.

Madam, you don't consider what you say, there are good ones and bad ones among them, and perhaps you could reckon more good servants than good masters.

* M. Goldoni is the author of the comedy called *Le Bourru Bienfaisant* (*Capricious Philanthropist*) here alluded to.

MASTER.

James, you don't think what you say;
and you commit precisely the same in-
discretion by which you are offended.

JAMES:

It is because masters . . .

MASTER.

It is because servants . . .

Heyday! reader, what prevents me
now from exciting a violent quarrel
between these two persons? James
from taking the hostess by the shoul-
ders and thrusting her out of the room,
James from being seized by his Master
and turned to the door by the shoulders?
and from making the one take this and
the other that, and thus prevent you
from

from hearing more of the story of the hostess, and the conclusion of James's amours? Cheer up, I shall do nothing of all this. The hostess then proceeded.

It must be admitted that if there are many bad men there are many bad women.

JAMES.

And that we need not go far to find them.

HOSTESS.

What business have you to interfere? I am a woman; I may say of women whatever I please, I don't want your approbation.

JAMES.

My approbation is as good as another's.

HOSTESS.

You have got there a servant, sir, who carries his head high and treats you with no respect. I have servants too; but I would fain see them attempt : . .

MASTER.

James be silent, and allow madam to speak.

The hostess, encouraged by this observation of the Master, gets up, interrupts James, puts her hands in her sides, and not remembering that she had Fanny in her arms, lets her fall, and there was Fanny lying bruised upon the floor, tossing about in her swaddling clothes, yelping with all her might, the hostess mingling her cries with Fanny's yelps, James joining in chorus with im-

mode-

moderate bursts of laughter, and the cries of the hostess, and the Master opening his snuff-box, taking his pinch of snuff and not able to keep from smiling. The whole inn was in an uproar.—Nanny, Nanny, quick, make haste, bring me a bottle of spirits. . . . My poor Fanny is killed ! . . . Unswathe her ! . . . How awkward you are !—I do as well as I can.—How she cries ! Take yourself away ; let me do it . . . She is dead . . . Laugh heartily you great fool ; it is a very laughable thing to be sure . . . My poor Fanny is dead !—No, madam, no, I think she will recover, see how she moves . . . Nanny rubs the bitch's nose with the spirits and makes her swallow some ; the hostess laments over her and rails against impertinent servants ; Nanny says ! hold, madam, she opens her eyes, do you see how she looks at you !—Poor beast !

how that look speaks! who would not be affected?—Madam, caress her a little, say something to her in return; cry, my child, cry, if this is any relief to you. Beasts, as well as men, have each their appointed fates; the idle, the peevish, the stubborn, the gluttonous are often fortunate, while another, that is perhaps the best creature on earth, is given as a prey to misfortune.—Very true, Madam, there is no justice here below.—Tush, swathe it again, carry it to my pillow, and remember that if it utters the least cry I shall blame you for it. Come, poor beast, let me embrace you once more before they carry you away. Come here then fool that you are . . . These dogs! this is sweeter and worth more . . .

JAMES.

JAMES.

Than father, mother, brothers, sisters,
children, servants, husband.

HOSTESS.

Yes, but do not laugh. It is an innocent creature, it is faithful to you, it never does you any harm, while those you mention . . .

JAMES.

Dogs for ever! they are the acme of perfection under heaven.

HOSTESS.

If there is any thing which approaches nearer to perfection, at least it is not man. I wish much that you were acquainted with the miller's dog, he is in

love with my Fanny; there is not one among you, such as you are, whom he would not put to the blush. He comes at day break more than a league; he plants himself before the window; he sits and sighs most piteously; whatever may be the sort of weather there he remains; when it rains, he buries his body in the sand, so that you can scarcely see his ears and the tip of his nose. Would you do as much for a woman with whom you were violently in love?

MASTER.

This, to be sure, is very gallant.

JAMES.

But where is the woman to be found who is worthy of so much attention as your Fanny? . . .

The

The passion of the hostess for beasts was not her ruling passion, as might be conceived; her ruling passion was to talk. The more satisfaction and the more patience you displayed in listening to her, so much the greater was your merit; of course she did not require much entreaty to resume the story of the singular marriage in which she had been interrupted; she only required as a condition that James should be silent. The Master became surety for James's silence. James carelessly placed himself in a corner with his eyes shut, his hat slouched over his ears, and his back half turned upon the hostess. The Master coughed, spit, blew his nose, drew out his watch, looked what o'clock it was, pulled out his snuff-box, tapped upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff, and the hostess prepared to

taste the delicious pleasure of holding forth!

The hostess was just going to begin, when she heard her bitch cry. Nanny, see to this poor beast. . . . I am vexed, I know not where I was.

JAMES.

You have not yet said any thing.

HOSTESS.

These two men with whom I quarrelled about my poor Fanny when you arrived, sir. . . .

JAMES.

Say, gentlemen.

HOSTESS.

And why so?

JAMES.

J A M E S.

Because you have always treated us hitherto with this politeness, and because I am accustomed to it. My Master calls me James, other people call me Mr. James.

H O S T E S S.

I neither call you James nor Mr. James, I am not speaking to you. —(Madam?—what is it?—The bill of fare for number five.—You will find it on the corner of the chimney-piece)—These two persons are worthy gentlemen; they came from Paris and they are on their way to the estate of the elder of the two.

J A M E S.

Who knows that?

H O S T E S S.

H O S T E S S .

They who say it.

J A M E S .

A fine reason ! . . .

The Master makes a sign to the hostess, which she construes into an intimation that James is disordered in his brain. The hostess replies to the Master's sign by a compassionate shrug of her shoulder, and adds : At his age ! this is very melancholy !

J A M E S .

Very melancholy, never to know where one is going.

H O S T E S S .

The elder of the two is called the Marquis des Arcis. He was a gay man, very

very amiable, with but a sorry opinion of the virtue of women.

J A M E S.

He was right.

H O S T E S S.

Mr. James you interrupt me.

J A M E S.

Mrs. Hostess of the Stag, I am not speaking to you.

H O S T E S S.

The Marquis however found one singular enough to keep him at a distance. Her name was Madame de la Pommeraye. She was a widow of character, of birth, of fortune, and of pride. M. des Arcis broke off all his other connections, attached himself solely to Madame de
la

la Pommeraye, paid court to her with the greatest assiduity, and endeavoured by every imaginable sacrifice to prove to her his affection; he proposed even to marry her; but this lady was so unfortunate in her first husband that she . . . (Madam?—what is it?—the key of the oat chest.—Look on the nail, and if it is not there, look in the chest).—that she had rather encounter every species of misfortune than hazard a second marriage.

J A M E S.

Ah! had this been decreed on high!

H O S T E S S.

This lady lived very retired. The Marquis was an old friend of her husband, he visited and continued to visit her. Overlooking his effeminate taste
for

for gallantry, he was, what the world calls, a man of honour. The perseverance of the Marquis, seconded by his personal qualities, his youth, his figure, the apparent sincerity of his passion, by solitude, a natural disposition to tenderness, in a word, by every feeling which lays us open to the seduction of men . . . (Madam?—What is it?—It is the post—shew him into the green room, and serve him as usual)—had the effect and Madame de la Pommeraye, after having withstood the Marquis for several months, and resisted even her own inclinations, exacted from him, as is customary, the most solemn oaths, made the Marquis happy, who would have enjoyed a most pleasant lot, had he preserved, for his mistress, those sentiments which he had sworn to maintain, and which she entertained for him. Mark
ye,

ye, sir, women only know how to love ; men are totally ignorant of the matter . . .—(Madam ?—What is it ?—A mendicant friar.—Give him twelve sous for the gentleman who are here, six sous for me, and let him go into the other rooms).—At the expiration of a few years the Marquis began to find the life which he led with Madame de la Pommeraye too dull. He proposed to her that they should mingle in society, and she consented; that they should receive male and female visitants, and she consented; that they should have dinner and supper parties and she consented. By degrees he passed one day and two days without seeing her; by and by he absented himself from the dinner and supper parties which he had arranged; a short time after he abridged his visits; he had business which called him away; when

he came, he spoke a word, sat himself down in an easy chair, took up a pamphlet, threw it down, spoke to his dog, and fell asleep. At night, his health, which became very bad, required him to retire at an early hour, it was the opinion of Tronchin. "This same Tronchin is a great man, I doubt not but he will cure our friend in circumstances in which others would despair of her." And saying this he would take his cane and his hat and go away sometimes without embracing her. Madame de la Pommeraye . . . —(Madam?—What is it?—The cooper.—Let him go down to the cellar, and examine those two casks of wine.)—Madame de la Pommeraye perceived that she was no longer the object of his love; it was necessary that she should ascertain the fact, and this was the mode she adopted.

—Madam

... (Madam?—I am coming, I am coming.)—

The hostess, tired of these interruptions, went down stairs, and took measures for putting an end to them.

H O S T E S S.

One day after dinner she said to the Marquis, You are musing, my friend! —You are musing also, Marchioness. —True, my meditations are melancholy enough. —What is the matter with you?—Nothing.—That is impossible. Come, Marchioness, said he, yawning; tell me what it is; it will amuse both you and me. What are you troubled with ennui?—No; but there are days... On which people are apt to fall into ennui.—You are mistaken, my dear, I protest you are mistaken; but, in reality,

ality, there are days! . . . One does not know from what it proceeds. — My dear, I have a long time been tempted to make you my confidant, but I am afraid of giving you vexation. — You give me vexation: you? — Perhaps I may; but Heaven is witness of my innocence . . . — (Madam? madam? madam? — Be what it may I have forbidden you to call me; call my husband. — He is from home. — Gentlemen, I beg your pardon, I will be with you in a moment).

The hostess had now gone down stairs, returned, and resumed her story. — It has happened to me, without my being conscious of it, by a curse to which apparently the whole human race is subject; since I, even myself, have not escaped it. — Ah, it concerns

you, and to be afraid! . . . What is the matter?—Marquis, the matter is, I am wretched; I am about to render you so; and, every thing properly considered, I had better be silent.—No, my love, speak out; can you keep any any thing that lies upon your heart a secret from me? Was it not the agreement we made, that we should lay open our souls to each other without reserve?—It is true, and this is the very thing which weighs me down; it is a charge which aggravates a fault of a more important nature with which I accuse myself.

Have you not perceived that I no longer have my former gayety? I have lost my appetite; I neither eat nor drink, but because my reason tells me it is proper. I cannot sleep. I am dis-

displeased with our most intimate communications. During the night I examine myself, and say ; Is it that he is less amiable ? No. Is it that you have reason to be dissatisfied with him ? No. Can you reproach him with any suspicious connections ? No. Is his tenderness for you diminished ? No. Why then, while your lover continues the same, has your heart undergone a change ? For it has changed : you cannot conceal it from yourself ; you no longer expect him with the same impatience : in seeing him, you no longer feel the same pleasure, nor that anxiety when his return is protracted ; that tender emotion, at the sound of his carriage, when he was announced, when he appeared, you no more experience.—How, madam ! . . . At this the Marchioness de Pommeraye covered her

eyes with her hands, reclined her head, and a moment was silent ; after which she added, Marquis, I was prepared for your astonishment, for all the bitter things with which you could reproach me. Spare me, Marquis ! . . . No, do not spare me ; say all your resentment can dictate ; I will listen with resignation, for I deserve it. Yes, my dear Marquis, it is true . . . Yes, I am . . . But is it not misfortune enough, that the circumstance has happened without dissembling it, by adding the shame and contempt of falsehood ? You are the same ; but your friend is changed. She respects you ; she esteems you as much or more than ever ; but . . . but a woman, accustomed, like her, closely to examine what passes in the most secret recesses of her soul, and to allow nothing to impose upon her, cannot
conceal

conceal from herself that love is fled. The discovery is frightful, but it is not the less real. The Marchioness de la Pommeraye ! I, even I, inconstant and fickle ! . . . Rage, Marquis, seek the most odious names that are to be found ; I have already bestowed them upon myself ; bestow them upon me ; I am prepared to receive them all : all, except that of faithless woman, which I hope you will spare me, for that, in truth, I do not deserve . . .—(My dear ! —What is the matter ?—Nothing . . . There is not a moment's rest to be got in this house, even upon days when there is little or no company, and when you would think there is nothing to do. How is a woman in my situation to be pitied, especially when she has a beast of a husband !)—Saying this, the Marchioness de la Pommeraye threw

herself back in her arm-chair, and fell a weeping. The Marquis threw himself down at her knees: You are a charming, an adorable, a matchless woman, said he; your frankness, your sincerity confounds me, and should overwhelm me with shame. Ah! what superiority over me does this moment confer upon you! How dignified I see you, myself how mean! You have been the first to confess, while it was I who first was guilty. My dear, your sincerity overpowers me, and I were a monster if it did not; and if I did not acknowledge that, the history of your heart is, word for word, the history of mine. All you said to yourself I likewise said: I was silent, I was miserable; and I know not when I should have had the courage to speak.--Indeed, my love?—Nothing more true, and we

have only to congratulate ourselves mutually upon having lost, at the same moment, the frail and deceitful feelings by which we were once united. In reality, what a misfortune, had my love continued after yours ceased ! or, that I had been the first in whom it expired !—You are right, I feel it.—Never did you appear to me so amiable, so lovely, as at this moment. And if the experience of the past did not render me more cautious, I should believe that I love you more and more than ever . . . And, saying this, the Marquis seized her hands and kissed them.—(My dear !—What do you want ?—The straw merchant.—Look at the account.—And where is the account ? . . . Stop, stop, I have it.) Madame de la Pommeraye, concealing in her breast the mortal vexation with which she was

distracted, resumed the conversation, and said to the Marquis ; but, Marquis, What is to become of us ? We have neither of us imposed upon the other ; you are entitled to my whole esteem. I do not think that I have entirely lost the right which I possessed to yours. We will continue to see each other ; we will resign ourselves to the confidence of the most tender friendship ; we will avoid all the ennui, all the little perfidies, all the reproaches, all the irritability, with which passion upon the decline is commonly attended. We shall be originals in our kind. You will recover all your liberty ; you will restore me mine : we will launch into the world, I will be the confident of your conquests ; I will conceal from you none of mine, should I make any, of which I entertain considerable

siderable doubt, for you have rendered me fastidious. This will be delightful ! You will aid me with your counsel, and I will not refuse you mine, in the perilous emergencies in which you may conceive it to be necessary. Who knows what may happen ?

J A M E S.

Nobody.

M A R Q U I S.

It is very probable, that the more I mingle in the world, the more you will gain by the comparisons which will be made, and that I shall return to you more passionately fond, more convinced than ever, that Madame de la Pommeraye was the only woman formed for my happiness ; and, after this return, there is every chance that I shall remain yours till the end of my life.—If it
should

should happen, on your return, that I was no longer to be found? for, in truth, Marquis, we are not always just, and it might not be impossible that I had conceived a liking, a fancy, a passion for another every way your inferior.—Assuredly, I should be afflicted, but I could have no reason to complain. I could only blame fate, which had separated us when united, and brought us together again when our union was no longer attainable . . . After this conversation, they began to moralise upon the inconstancy of the human heart, the frivolity of oaths, the ties of marriage . . . (Madam?—What is the matter?—The coach). Gentlemen, said the hostess, I must leave you. This night, when all my business is performed, I will return and finish this adventure, if you have any curiosity . .

(Madam!

(Madam ! .. My dear ? .. Hostess ? ..
Coming, coming).

After the hostess was gone, the Master said to his servant, James, did you remark one thing ?

J A M E S.

What ?

M A S T E R.

That woman relates her story much better than you would expect from an inn-keeper's wife.

J A M E S.

True. The frequent interruptions she received from the people in the house several times put me in a passion.

M A S T E R.

M A S T E R.

And me too.

And you, reader, speak without dissimulation, for you see we are in a fine train of frankness ; do you wish that we should leave here this elegant and prolix talkative hostess, and resume James's amours ? As for me, I am not obstinately bent upon either. When this woman returns up stairs, James, the talkative James, asks no better than to resume his part, and shut the door in her face, and to get off by saying to her, through the key-hole, Good night, madam ; my Master is asleep ; I am going to bed. We must postpone the remainder till we again pass this way.

The

The first oath which two beings, composed of flesh and blood, made to each other, was at the foot of a rock which was mouldering into dust. They called to witness their constancy a sky, which is not an instant the same. Every thing was passing on within them and around them ; and they believed their hearts exempted from vicissitude. O children, always children ! . . . I do not know from whom these reflections proceeded, whether from James, his Master, or myself ; it is certain they proceeded from one of the three, and that they were preceded and followed by many others, which would have served James, his Master, and myself, till supper, or after supper, even till the return of the hostess, if James had not said to his Master, Hold, sir, all these sublime sentences, which you have uttered upon
the

the subject of the boot, are not so good as an old fable current about the fire-sides in my village.

MASTER.

And what may this fable be ?

JAMES.

It is the fable of the Sheath and the Hanger.

One day the Sheath and the Hanger quarrelled. The Hanger said to the Sheath : Sheath, my friend, you are a wanton, for every day you admit new Hangers :—The Sheath replied to the Hanger : Friend Hanger, you are a wanton, for every day you change your Sheath . . . Sheath, this is not what you promised me.—Hanger, you deceived me first . . —This dispute arose
at

at table. Eyelash, who was seated between Sheath and Hanger, joined in the conversation, and said to them, You Sheath and you Hanger, both did well to change, since change pleased you; but you were wrong to promise that you would not change. Hanger, did not you see that God formed you to go into different Sheaths; and you, Sheath, to receive more than one Hanger? You considered, as fools, certain Hangers that made a vow of renouncing Sheaths, and certain Sheaths no better, who made a vow of shutting themselves against every Hanger, without thinking that you were almost as foolish when you swore, you Sheath, to keep by one Hanger, and you, Hanger, to keep by one Sheath.

Here

Here the Master said to James, Your fable is not very moral ; but it is merry. You do not know the whimsical idea which passes across my brain. I am marrying you to the hostess, and I am thinking how a husband would do, when he is fond of speaking with a woman who never ceases to speak.

J A M E S.

Just as I passed the twelve first years of my life, which I spent in the house of my grandfather and grandmother.

M A S T E R.

What was their names ? What was their profession ?

J A M E S.

They were brokers. My grandfather Jason had several children. The whole family

family was sedate; they rose, they dressed themselves, they followed their business, they returned, they dined, they went back without saying a word. In the evening they would seat themselves on their chairs; the mother and daughters would spin, sew and knit; the lads rest themselves, and the father read the Old Testament.

MASTER.

And you, what did you?

JAMES.

I ran about the room with a gag in my mouth.

MASTER.

With a gag!

JAMES.

Yes, with a gag; and it is to that cursed gag that I owe the rage of speak-

ing. The week often passed without a mouth being opened in the house of the Jasons. All her life, which was a long one, my grandmother had said nothing but *bats to sell*, and my grandfather, who was to be seen in the auction rooms standing erect with his hands under his great coat, had never said more than *one penny*. There were days on which he was tempted to disbelieve the Bible.

MASTER.

And why?

JAMES.

On account of the repetitions it contained, which he considered as prattling unworthy of the Holy Spirit. He would say that those who repeat are block-heads who take their hearers for no better.

MASTER.

M A S T E R.

James; if to recompense you for the long silence which you preserved during the twelve years in which you were gagged in your grandfather's house, and while the hostess was speaking . . .

J A M E S.

I should resume the history of my my amours ?

M A S T E R.

No, but another history in which you have have left me, that of your captain's comrade.

J A M E S.

Oh! my Master, what a cruel remembrance have you excited.

F 2

MASTER.

M A S T E R.

No, James, my little James !

J A M E S.

What are you laughing at ?

M A S T E R.

At that which will afford me subject of laughter more than once, seeing you in your youth at your grandfather's house with a gag in your mouth.

J A M E S.

My grandmother would take it away when there was no body present, and when my grandfather observed it, he was not very well satisfied, he would say to her: Go on, and this child will become the most unconscionable talker
that

that ever existed. This prophecy has been accomplished.

MASTER.

Come, James, my little James, the history of your captain's comrade.

JAMES.

I will not refuse to relate it, but you will not believe it.

MASTER.

Is it then very marvellous?

JAMES.

No, it is because the circumstances have happened to another, a French soldier, called, I believe, M. de Gu-erchy.

MASTER.

Very well, I will say as a French poet who had made a very good epigram,

to one who gave it out for his own, in his presence: Why might not the gentleman have made it? I actually made it, I myself . . . Why might not the circumstances which James is going to relate, have happened to his captain's comrade, since they really happened to a French soldier, M. de Guerchy? But in relating this story to me you might hit two birds with one stone, you might acquaint me with the adventure of these two characters, of which I yet am ignorant.

J A M E S.

So much the better! but swear to me that you are.

M A S T E R.

I swear.

Reader,

Reader, I should be strongly tempted to exact from you the same oath, but I will only point out to you a singularity in the character of James, which seems to be derived from his grandfather Jason, the silent broker, and this is that James, contrary to the custom of great talkers, although he loved dearly to speak, had a great aversion to repetition. Accordingly he would sometimes say to his Master, sir, what a dreadful futurity do you prepare for me. What is to become of me when I have no longer any thing left to say?—You will begin anew.—James begin anew! The contrary is decreed on high, and were I even to begin anew I could not prevent myself from exclaiming: Ah, if your grandfather heard you! . . . And I should regret the want of the gag!

JAMES.

At the time when games of hazard were played in the markets of St. Germain and St. Laurent . . .

MASTER.

But that is at Paris, and your captain's comrade was commandant of a fort upon the frontier.

JAMES.

For God's sake, sir, allow me to tell . . . Several officers entered into a shop and there found another officer talking with the mistress. One of them proposed to the latter to play at *passe-die*, for you must know that after the death of my captain, his comrade grown rich, had also become a gamester. He then, or M. de Guerchy, accepts. Fortune
puts

puts the dice in the hands of his adversary who continues to pass, pass, pass, without end. The game had been warm and they had played the *tout*, the *tout du tout*, the little *moitiés*, the grand *moitiés*, the grand *tout du tout*, when one of the bye-standers thought proper to tell M. de Guerchy, or my captain's comrade, that he would do well to stop there, and give over playing, because his antagonist understood the game better than he. Upon this remark, which was nothing but a pleasantry, my captain's comrade, or M. de Guerchy, believed that he had to do with a sharper. He slipped his hand into his pocket, drew out a sharp pointed knife, and when his antagonist laid his hand upon the dice to put them in the box, he drove the knife into his hand and nailed it to the table, saying: If the
dice

dice are loaded, you are a cheat, if they are good, I am in the wrong. The dice are found to be good. M. de Guerchy says: I am extremely sorry, and I offer you any satisfaction you please This was not the proposal of my captain's comrade. He says, I have lost my money, I have pierced the hand of a brave man, but to make amends I have gained the pleasure of fighting as much as I please The officer, who had been nailed, withdraws and goes to get himself dressed. When he is cured, he finds the officer who had nailed him, and demands an explanation. The latter, or M. de Guerchy, admits the demand to be fair. The other, my captain's comrade, throws his arms round his neck, and says to him, I expected you with an impatience which I am unable to express They go to the

the place appointed ; the *nailer*, M. de Guerchy or my captain's comrade, is fairly run through the body ; the person, who had been nailed, raises him up, has him conveyed home, and says to him ; Are we again to meet ? . . M. de Guerchy made no answer ; my captain's comrade answered, Sir, I confidently depend upon it.—They fight a second, a third time, and as often as eight or ten times, and always the nailer is left upon the field. They were both officers of distinction, both of them men of merit, their adventure made great noise, till at length the ministry interfered. The one is detained at Paris, the other fixed at his post. M. de Guerchy submitted to the orders of the court. My captain's comrade was afflicted beyond measure ; and such is the difference of two men whose character is bravery, but

but of whom one is discreet, and the other has a grain of folly in his composition.

Hitherto the adventure of M. de Gu-
erchy and my captain's comrade is com-
mon to them; it is the same, and ob-
serve, my Master, that this is the reason
why I have named them both. Here I
am going to separate them, and I will
speak to you no more of my captain's
comrade, because the remainder only
applies to him. Ah! sir, here you will
see how little masters we are of our des-
tinies, and how many extraordinary
things there are written in the grand
register!

My captain's comrade, or the nailer,
solicits permission to make a tour
to his native country, and obtains it.

His

His route was through Paris. He takes a place in a public vehicle. At three o'clock in the morning the carriage passes by the Opera. The audience was coming out. Three or four young hair brained masquers propose to go and breakfast with the travellers. They arrive at day break to breakfast. They look at one another attentively. But how astonished was he who had been nailed to recognize the nailer. The latter presents his hand, embraces him, and testifies how greatly he is enchanted at so fortunate a rencounter. Instantly they retire behind a barn, draw their swords, the one in his great coat, the other in his domino. The nailer, or my captain's comrade, is again laid upon the ground. His adversary dispatches assistance to him, sits down at table with his friends and the company of the coach, and

and eats and drinks merrily. Some prepared to follow their route, and others to return to the capital, in their masks and upon post horses, when the hostess re-appeared and put an end to James's recital.

She had now got up stairs, and I warn you, reader, that it is no longer in my power to send her away again. —Why so?—Because she presents herself with two bottles of Champagne, one in each hand, and because it is decreed on high, that every orator, who addresses himself to James with this exordium, must necessarily be heard with attention.

She enters, sets down her bottles upon the table and says: Come, Mr. James, let us make friends . . . The

hostess was no longer in the bloom of youth. She was a tall, fat, active, comely woman, full and plump, her mouth a little large, but she had fine teeth, broad cheeks, prominent eyes, a square brow, a most beautiful skin, a physiognomy open, lively and gay; arms somewhat too thick, but most elegant hands, hands that might have furnished a model for the painter or the statuary. James took her round the waist and embraced her heartily, his spleen had never been able to hold out against good wine and a fine woman; it was decreed on high of him, of you, reader, of me, and of many others?--Sir, said she to the Master, won't you join us?--Look you, had you still an hundred leagues to travel, you would not drink better all the way . . . Saying this, she placed one of the two bottles between her knees, and drew the cork; with singular dexterity she

she covered the mouth with her thumb, without allowing a drop of wine to escape. Come, said she to James, quick, quick, your glass . . . James presented his glass ; the hostess removing her thumb a little on one side, gives vent to the bottle, and, in a moment, James's face is covered all over with foam.

James took this waggery in good part ; the hostess laughed heartily, and James and his Master followed her example. They drank several bumpers successively, to ascertain the virtue of the bottle, then the hostess said, Thank God ! they are all now in bed, they will interrupt me no more, and I may resume my story . . . James gazing on her with eyes, the natural vivacity of which the Champagne had augmented, said to

his Master ; Our hostess has been beautiful as an angel ; what think you, sir ?

M A S T E R.

Has been ! By —, James, you ought to have said, she is so still.

J A M E S.

Sir, you are right ; my reason was, that I do not compare her with any other woman, but with herself when she was young.

H O S T E S S.

Ah ! I am no great things now ! you should have seen me when you might have spanned my waist with your two hands. Many travellers have gone four leagues out of their way to put up at this house. But let us leave, where they are, all the wise and foolish heads I have turned,

and return to Madame de la Pomme-
faye!

J A M E S.

What though we should drink a glass
to the foolish heads you have turned,
that is, to my health?

H O S T E S S.

With all my heart; there were
some of them worth the pains, whether
you reckon yours among the number or
not. Do you know for ten years I was
the resource of gentlemen of the army,
that is, to say, all virtue and honour?
I have obliged a good many of them,
who would have had no small difficul-
ty, without my assistance, to support
their campaigns. They are brave men,
and I have no reason to complain of any
of them, nor they of me. I never re-
quired their notes; sometimes they

made me wait. At the end of two, three, or four years, my money returned . . . Then she began to give an enumeration of the officers who had done her the honour to draw from her purse ; and Mr. Such-a-One, colonel of the regiment of * * *, and Mr. Such Another, captain in the regiment of * * * : and here James fell a crying, My captain ! my poor captain ! Did you know him ?

H O S T E S S .

Did I know him ? A tall handsome man, rather lean, with a noble determined air, straight limbs, two little red spots at his left temple. You have then served in the army ?

J A M E S .

Have I served in the army !

G 2

H O S T -

H O S T E S S .

I like you the better for it ; you must still retain some of the good qualities of your former situation. Let us drink to your captain's health.

J A M E S .

If he is still alive !

H O S T E S S .

Dead or alive, what does that matter ? What, is not a soldier made to be killed ? Ought he not to be enraged, after a dozen of sieges, and five or six battles, to die among this rabble of dirty devils ? . . . But let us return to our history, and drink another glass.

M A S T E R .

M A S T E R.

Upon my faith, hostess, you are right.

H O S T E S S.

I am very glad you think so.

M A S T E R.

For your wine is excellent.

H O S T E S S.

Oh ! It is my wine you mean ? Very true ! You are right. Do you recollect whereabouts we were ?

M A S T E R.

Yes, at the conclusion of the most perfidious of all confidences.

H O S T E S S .

M. le Marquis des Arcis and Madame de la Pommeraye embraced, enchanted with one another, and separated. The greater the constraint under which the lady was in his presence, the more violent was her grief when they parted. It is then, cried she, but too true ; he loves me no more ! . . . I shall not enter into the detail of all the extravagances which we commit when you forsake us, it would make you too vain. I have said, that this woman was haughty, but she was far more vindictive. When the first paroxisms of passion were over, and when she was enjoying all the tranquillity of indignation, she considered of the means of avenging herself, and of avenging herself in a cruel manner, a way which
should

should terrify all those who attempted in future to seduce and deceive a virtuous woman. She did avenge herself, she was cruelly avenged ; her vengeance was not concealed ; but it corrected no person ; we have not been less basely seduced and deceived.

J A M E S.

Others may complain ; but you ! . . .

H O S T E S S.

Alas ! I have the best reason, sir ! What fools we are ! Yet, if these base men made any thing by changing ! But let us leave this. What will she do ? She does not know yet ; she will meditate upon it ; she does meditate !

J A M E S.

If while she is meditating upon it . . .

G 4

H O S T E S S.

HOSTESS.

That is well said. But our two bottles are empty . . . John ?—Madam.—Two bottles from those which are at the very bottom, behind the faggots.—Immediately . . —In consequence of reflection, this is the idea which strikes her. Madame de la Pommeraye had formerly known a country lady, whom a law suit had obliged to repair to Paris along with her daughter, young, beautiful, and well educated. She had learned, that this lady, being ruined by the loss of her suit, had been reduced to the necessity of keeping a gaming-table. They met at her house, played, supped, and commonly one or two strangers staid and passed the night with Madame or Mademoiselle, as they had a mind. Madame de la Pommeraye sent
one

one of her people in quest of these creatures. She found them out, and asked them to pay her a visit, though they scarcely recollected her. These ladies, who had taken the name of Madame and Mademoiselle d'Aisnon accepted the invitation ; and, on the morrow, the mother went to Madame de la Pommeraye's house. After the first compliments had passed, Madame de la Pommeraye asked d'Aisnon what she had done, and how she lived, since the loss of her suit?—To be ingenuous, replied d'Aisnon, I have been engaged in a profession which is dangerous, infamous, poor, and, to me, disgusting ; but necessity is superior to law. I had almost resolved to put my daughter to the Opera, but she has a weak voice, and is but an indifferent dancer. I took her in the course of my suit, and
after

after it was determined, to the houses of magistrates, noblemen, prelates, and farmers of the revenue, who accommodated themselves with her for a time and then threw her off: yet she is as beautiful as an angel, and is possessed of wit and grace, but she has nothing of the spirit of libertinism, none of those talents which are adapted to awaken the languor of men of ruined constitutions. But, what has been most prejudicial to us is, a prepossession which she conceived for a little Abbé of quality, whom I shall not name; a creature impious, sceptical, hypocritical, and a great enemy to philosophy; but he is the lowest of those who, in order to arrive at a bishoprick, take the road, which is at once the surest, and which requires the least ability. I know not what he put into my daughter's

ter's head, to whom he came every morning, and gave an account of his dinner and supper, and of his rhapsody. Whether he will be a bishop or not, no matter ; they luckily fell out. My daughter having one day asked him, if he knew those against whom he wrote ? and the Abbé having answered, that he did not ; if he held different sentiments from those which he exposed ? and the Abbé, having replied that he did not, she suffered herself to be carried away by the acuteness of her feelings, and represented to him, that the part which he acted, was the most nefarious and false of which man could be guilty . . . Madame de la Pommeraye asked, if they were much known.—Unfortunately too much.—From what I observe you do not seem attached to your situation ?—By no means ; and my daughter

daughter protests to me every day, that the condition of the most wretched is preferable to hers ; so melancholy has her situation rendered her that she begins to be deserted . . —Could I suggest to you a mode of making a splendid fortune for both, would you agree to adopt it then ?—With great pleasure. —But I must know whether you will promise scrupulously to conform to the counsels which I shall give you.—Whatever they may be, you may depend upon it.—And you will be ready to obey my orders whenever I please ? —We wait them with impatience — This is sufficient ; you may return home ; it shall not be long before you receive them. In the mean time get quit of all your moveables ; dispose of every thing ; do not reserve even your
2 — clothes,

clothes, as they are gaudy, such will not suit my views.

James, who began to feel himself interested, says to the hostess, What though we drink to the health of Madame de la Pommeraye ?

H O S T E S S .

Most chearfully.

J A M E S .

And to that of Madame d'Aisnon ?

H O S T E S S .

With all my heart.

J A M E S .

And you will not refuse that of Mademoiselle d'Aisnon, with the sweet weak voice, the little turn for dancing,
and

and the melancholy which reduces her to the mournful necessity of accepting a new lover every night.

H O S T E S S .

Don't laugh ; it is a most cruel thing. Did you know the punishment it is when we do not love ! . .

J A M E S .

Here is to Mademoiselle d'Aisnon in pity of her punishment.

H O S T E S S .

Come . . .

J A M E S .

Hostess, do you love your husband ?

H O S T E S S .

Quite the contrary.

J A M E S .

J A M E S.

You are much to be pitied ; for he seems to be in good health.

H O S T E S S.

All is not gold that glitters.

J A M E S.

Here is to the good health of our landlord.

H O S T E S S.

Drink away by yourself.

M A S T E R.

James, James, my friend, you are pressing too hard.

H O S T E S S.

Don't be afraid, sir; the wine is good, and will produce no effect to-morrow.

J A M E S.

JAMES.

Since it will produce no effect to-morrow, and since I care little about losing my reason to night, my Master, my fair hostess, I have still another toast to give; a toast, which lies near my heart; the health of Mademoiselle d'Aisnon's Abbé.

HOSTESS.

Fy, Mr. James! a hypocrite, an ambitious man, a slanderer, a block-head, a persecutor; for it is thus we characterize those who would willingly cut the throats of all who differ from them.

MASTER.

You do not know, hostess, that James here is a bit of a philosopher, and that he

he sets an infinite value upon all those insignificant smatterers who disgrace both themselves and the cause which they defend with so little ability. He says that his captain used to call them the antidote of the Huets, the Nicolès, the Bossuets. He knew nothing about the matter more than you . . . Is your husband in bed ?

H O S T E S S .

He is there with a blessing !

M A S T E R .

And does he permit you to prattle in this manner ?

H O S T E S S .

Our husbands are disciplined . . . Madame de la Pommeraye takes her carriage, drives to the suburbs most remote from the quarter in which d'Ais-

non lived, hires a small apartment in a decent house in the neighbourhood of the parish church, furnishes it as soon as possible, invites d'Aison and her daughter to dinner, and settles them either the same day, or a few days after, prescribing to them the line of conduct which they were to follow.

J A M E S.

Hostess, we have forgotten the health of Madame de la Pommeraye, and that of the Marquis des Arcis. Ah! this is not fair!

H O S T E S S.

Well, well, Mr. James, the cellar is not empty. . . . The following is the substance of her instructions, as far as I recollect.

You

“You will not frequent the public walks, for you must not be discovered.

“You will receive no visits from any person, not even from your neighbours, whether male or female; because you must affect to live in the most retired solitude.

“You will, after to-morrow, assume the garb of devotees, for it is necessary that you pass as such.

“You will have in your house none but books of devotion; for there must be nothing around you that can betray you.

“You will be exceedingly punctual in the performance of religious duty at

church, both on holidays and working days.

“ You will intrigue so as to procure admission to the parlour of some convent, for the cant of these recluses may be of use to us.

“ You will keep up a good understanding with the curate and the priests of the parish, because I may have need of their attestation.

“ You will hold no society with any of them.

“ You will go and confess, and take the sacrament, at least twice a month.

“ You will resume your family name, because it is an honest one, and enquiries may sooner or later be made in your country,

“ You

" You will, from time to time, give a little alms ; and on no pretext whatever will you receive any. You must be considered as neither poor nor rich.

" You will spin, you will sew, you will knit, you will embroider, and you will give your work to the women who subsist on charity, to sell.

" You will live with the greatest sobriety ; two scanty meals from the inn will be enough.

" Your daughter will never go out without you, nor you without your daughter. Neglect no means of edification which can be had at a small expence.

" Above all, I repeat it, never re-

ceive either priests, or monks, or devotees at your apartment.

"You will walk in the streets with down cast eyes ; at church, attend to nothing but the service."

I grant that this mode of life is austere, but it will not be of long continuance, and, I promise you, it will amply recompense you in the end. Consider, consult your own feelings ; if you think such a degree of constraint beyond your power, confess it to me ; I shall neither be offended nor surprised. I forgot to tell you that it will be proper that you should acquire a little mystic gibberish, and that you be familiar with the history of the Old and New Testament, that your devotion may

may not appear to be of recent origin. Be Jansenists or Molinists, as you have a mind, but it will be best perhaps to adopt the opinions of your curate. Do not fail, at random, and on every occasion, to rail against the philosophers: cry that Voltaire was antichrist; get by heart the work of your little Abbé, and hawk it about if it be necessary. . . . Madame de la Pommeraye added, I shall not see you at your apartment; I am unworthy to hold intercourse with such holy women; but be not uneasy; you will come here privately now and then, and we shall make amends in a select company for your penitential regimen. But, while you affect this appearance of devotion, take care you do not turn a slave to it in reality. As to the expence of your small establishment, that is my concern. If

my plan succeeds, you will have no need of my assistance. If it fail from no fault of yours, I am rich enough to place you in better circumstances, and a more honourable situation than that which you will sacrifice. But, above all, let me inculcate submission, absolute submission to my will ; without which I can neither answer for the present, nor become bound for the future.

M A S T E R,

(Tapping upon his snuff-box, and looking at his watch to see what o'clock it is).

What a strange head this woman has ! God preserve me from falling in with such an one.

H O S T E S S.

Patience, patience ! you do not know her yet.

JAMES.

JAMES.

My beautiful, my charming hostess !
suppose, in the mean time, we speak
a word to the bottle ?

HOSTESS.

Mr. James, my Champagne seems in
your eyes to have added mightily to the
charms of my person.

MASTER.

I have felt an inclination for a con-
siderable time to ask a question, which
may be impertinent, but which I can
no longer refrain from putting.

HOSTESS.

Put your question.

MASTER.

MASTER.

I am sure you were not born in an inn.

HOSTESS.

True, I was not.

MASTER.

You have been reduced by some extraordinary circumstances from a more elevated station.

HOSTESS.

I confess I have.

MASTER.

And if we were to suspend the history of Madame de la Pommeraye for a moment . . .

HOSTESS.

That will not do, I chearfully relate the adventures of others but not my own. Know only that I was educated at Saint-Cyr, where I read a little of the Bible and a great many romances. Between the Abbaye-Royale and the inn, which I now keep, there is an immense distance.

MASTER.

It is enough; go on as if I had said nothing.

HOSTESS.

While our two devotees were improving their morals and the incense of their piety and sanctity was diffused around, Madame de la Pommeraye observed with the Marquis all the external marks of esteem, friendship, and the most perfect confidence.

confidence. He was always welcome, she never chid nor scolded him even after his longest period of absence, and when he related to her all his little intrigues, she seemed to be much amused with the recital. She gave him her advice on all occasions of difficulty, she sometimes threw out a few hints about marriage, but it was in such a disinterested tone that they could not be suspected of being intended to be applied to herself. If the Marquis said any tender or gallant things to her, which are indispensable in maintaining intercourse with a woman after it is once formed, she would smile at them or let them pass. She made him believe that her heart was quite at ease, and, what she could never have imagined, that she was perfectly happy with him as a friend; and then she would say that the
bloom

bloom of her youth was faded, and that the edge of her sense was much blunted. —How! have you no secret to trust me with?—None.—But my friend, the little Count, who was so warm in his assiduities at the time that I reigned in your affection?—I have shut my door against him, and shall never see him again while I live.—He is an eccentric being! and why have you withdrawn from him? —Because I did not like him.—Ah! Madam, I sound you now: you love me still.—It may be so.—You calculate upon the return of my affection.—Why should I not?—And you avail yourself of all the advantages that may result from irreproachable conduct.—I do.—And if I have the good or the bad fortune again to become enamoured of you, you will make a merit of taking no notice of my past faults.—You suppose
me

me to be very delicate and very generous.—After what you have done, my dear, there is no degree of heroism of which you are not capable.—I am pleased that you think so.—Upon my word, my heart is again in danger I assure you.

J A M E S.

And mine also.

H O S T E S S.

About three months had now elapsed since matters had continued in this situation, when Madame de la Pommeraye thought it time to put her grand springs in motion. One summer's day when the weather was fine, and when she expected the Marquis to dinner, she sent notice to d'Aisnon and her daughter to repair to the Royal Garden.

The

The Marquis arrived, dinner was served up early, they dined, they dined gaily. After dinner, Madame de la Pommeraye proposed a walk to the Marquis, if he had no more agreeable engagement. That day there was neither play nor opera, it was the Marquis who made the remark, and in order to compensate for the want of an amusing spectacle by an useful one, chance would have it that it was he himself who invited the Marchioness to go and see the King's Cabinet. He did not meet with a refusal, as you may well imagine. The horses are put to the carriage, they drive away, they arrive at the Royal Garden, mingle in the crowd, looking at every thing and seeing nothing, like others.

Reader,

Reader, I had forgot to describe to you the situation in which the three persons, of whom we speak, were placed, I mean James, his Master and the hostess; from the want of this precaution you have heard, but you have not seen them. Better late than never. The Master was on the left in his night cap and night gown, carelessly lolling in a large arm chair, covered with tapestry, his handkerchief thrown over the arm of the chair and his snuff-box in his hand. The hostess towards the extremity of the room opposite to the door, near the table, her glass before her. James without his hat, at her right, with his elbows leaning upon the table, and his head inclined between the two bottles; two more were upon the floor by his side.

On

On leaving the Cabinet, the Marquis and his mistress took a walk in the garden. They were going along the first alley upon the right as you enter, near the nursery, when Madame de la Pommeraye uttered a cry of surprise, saying: I am not mistaken, I believe it is they themselves! Instantly she quits the Marquis, and advances to meet our two devotees. Mademoiselle d'Aisnon looking enchanting under the simple attire she wore, which, attracting no observation, fixes the whole attention upon the person.—Ah! Is it you, Madam?—Yes, it is I.—And how do you do, and what has become of you this age?—You are acquainted with our misfortunes; we were obliged to acquiesce in them, and to live retired, suitably to our little fortune, to quit the gay world when we could no longer

appear in it with decency.—But me, abandon me too, who am not of the gay world, and who have always had the good sense to consider it as insipid as it really is!—One of the inconveniences of misfortune is the distrust which it inspires. The indigent are afraid of being troublesome.—You troublesome to me! that suspicion is a real reproach.—Madam, I am perfectly innocent of it; I have mentioned you twenty times to my mamma, but she would tell me, Madame de la Pommeraye . . . Nobody, my child, thinks any more of us.—How unjust! Let us take a seat, we will have a little conversation. This is the Marquis des Arcis, he is my friend, and we shall be laid under no constraint by his presence. How tall Mademoiselle is grown! How improved she is since we saw each other!—Our situation

tion has this advantage that it deprives us of every thing which is prejudicial to health. Look at her face, look at her arms, observe what we owe to a frugal and regular life, to sleep, to labour, to a good conscience, and that is something . . .—They sat down, they talked of friendship. Madame d'Aisnon spoke a great deal, Mademoiselle d'Aisnon said little. They both talked in the stile of devotion, but with ease and without affectation. Long before day closed, our two devotees arose. They were reminded that it was yet early. Madame d'Aisnon whispered in the ear of Madame de la Pommeraye, loud enough to be overheard, that they had still an exercise of religion to perform, and that it was impossible for them to remain longer. They were already at some distance, when Madame de la Pomme-

raye reproached herself for having omitted to ask their address, and to give them hers; it is a fault, added she, which formerly I should not have committed. The Marquis ran to repair it. They accepted the address of Madame de la Pommeraye, but notwithstanding all the importunity of the Marquis he could not obtain theirs. He durst not offer them his carriage, though he confessed to Madame de la Pommeraye that he had been tempted to make the tender.

The Marquis did not fail to enquire of Madame de la Pommeraye who these two women were.—They are two creatures happier than we are. Observe the fine health they enjoy! the serenity which reigns in their countenance! the innocence, the decency which dictate
their

their remarks! You never see this, it is not understood in our circles. We pity the devotees, they pity us, and every thing considered I am inclined to think they are right.—But surely, Marchioness, it is impossible you could be tempted to become a devotee?—Why not?—Beware of that, I should not wish that our rupture, if it can be called one, should carry you that length.—And you would like better that I should again admit the visits of the little Count?—Much better.—And you would advise me to do it?—Without hesitation... Madame de la Pommeraye told the Marquis what she knew of the name, the country, the original situation, and the law suit of the two devotees; adding to the account all the interest, all the pathetic circumstances she could devise. She then continued: they are two women of extra-

ordinary merit, especially the daughter. You may conceive that with a figure like hers people may want for nothing in this place, if they condescend to employ that resource, but they have preferred an honest competence to a disgraceful plenty. What they have left is so scanty, that in truth I do not know how they contrive to subsist. They labour night and day. Indigence, when they are born to it, is a situation which a great many people can support; but to pass from opulence to what is barely adequate to supply the most rigid necessities of life, to be contented with it, to enjoy happiness in it, is a matter which I cannot comprehend. Observe the advantages of religion. Let our philosophers say what they will, religion is a good thing.—Especially for the unfortunate.—And who is the person

son

son who is not so in a greater or less degree.—Let me die but you are going to turn devotee.—And where would be the great harm in that! This life is of so little importance, when we compare it with an eternity to come!—But you already talk like a missionary.—I speak like a woman who is convinced. Now, Marquis, answer me truly, would not all our riches appear pitiful baubles in our eyes, were we more impressed with an expectation of the happiness, and a dread of the sufferings of another life? To debauch a young girl, or a wife attached to her husband, with the belief that you might die in her arms and fall at once into punishment without end; admit that this were the most incredible frenzy.—This however is done every day.—It is because people have no faith, it is because they banish these

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thoughts

thoughts from their minds. It is because our religious opinions have little influence upon our morals.—But, my friend, I protest you are running as fast as you are able to the confessional.—It is in truth the best thing I could do.—Go, you are out of your wits; you have still a score of years for pretty sins; do not leave them unemployed, then you may repent and go to boast of them at the feet of the priest if you think proper . . . But see what a confounded serious turn the conversation has taken; your imagination gets monstrously gloomy, and it is the effect of that abominable solitude into which you have plunged. Believe me, recall with all convenient speed the little Count; you will then see neither hell nor the devil, and you will be as charming as ever. You are afraid least I should reproach you with this step, should

should our union ever again be renewed, but in the first place we may perhaps never renew our intimacy, and, by an apprehension well or ill founded, you deprive yourself of the most endearing of pleasures, and, in truth, the honour of excelling me is not worth the sacrifice.-- What you say is very true I am sensible, and accordingly that is not the principle which prevents me . . . They said still a great many other things which I do not recollect.

J A M E S.

Hostess, let us drink a glass, that refreshes the memory.

H O S T E S S.

Drink a glass . . . After some turns round the walks, Madame de la Pommeraye and the Marquis returned to their

carriage. Madame de la Pommeraye says: how old she makes me appear! when she came to Paris she was not so high as a cabbage.—You allude to that Lady's daughter whom we met at the promenade?—Yes, it is just as it happens in a garden where the roses that are withered give place to those that are new.—Did you observe her?—Most attentively.—What is your opinion of her?—She has the head of the Virgin of Raphael upon the body of his Galatea; and a sweetness in her voice; a modesty in her look; a grace in her carriage; a decency in her conversation; which never struck me so much in any lady I have ever seen.—Observe the effect of education.—When the foundation is prepared by natural genius.

The

The Marquis set down Madame de la Pommeraye at her door, and Madame de la Pommeraye had nothing more urgent to perform than to testify to our two devotees how well she was satisfied with the manner in which they had acquitted themselves.

J A M E S.

If they continue as they have begun, M. le Marquis des Arcis, were you the devil himself you would not get out of the net.

M A S T E R.

I should like much to know what is their project.

J A M E S.

For my part I should be very sorry; that would spoil the whole.

H O S T E S S.

H O S T E S S .

From that day the Marquis became more assiduous in his attendance at Madame de la Pommeraye's house, who observed it without asking the reason. She never was the first to speak of the two dévotées. She waited till he opened the subject, which the Marquis did every day with impatience and an ill dissembled indifference.

M A R Q U I S .

Have you seen your female friends.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

No.

M A R Q U I S .

Do you know that this is not very right in you? You are rich, they are in
narrow

narrow circumstances, and you do not even invite them sometimes to partake of a dinner !

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

I thought the Marquis des Arcis knew me a little better. Love formerly lent me virtues, friendship now lends me defects. I have given them ten invitations, without being able to procure a single visit. They refuse to come to my house, from the singularity of their ideas ; and, when I visit them, I must leave my coach at the entry of the street, go in an undress, without rouge, and without diamonds. We ought not to be too much astonished at their caution ; a false report might serve to alienate the minds of a certain number of benevolent persons, and deprive them of their assistance. Marquis ! It would
seem

seem that the practice of beneficence costs a great deal.

M A R Q U I S.

Especially when devotees are the object.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Since the slightest pretext is sufficient to divert men from the performance of it, were it known that I take an interest in their fortunes, it would soon be said, they are patronised by Madame de la Pommeraye ; they stand in need of nothing . . . and immediately the charity is withdrawn.

M A R Q U I S.

Charity !

MAD.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Yes, sir, charity !

M A R Q U I S.

You are acquainted with them, and yet they are forced to subsist upon charity !

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Once more, Marquis, I repeat it, I see perfectly that you no longer love me, and that a part of your esteem has fled with your tenderness. And who told you, that if these women were under the necessity of receiving alms from the parish, it was my fault ?

M A R Q U I S.

I entreat your pardon, Madam ; a thousand pardons : I am wrong. But

what reason could they have to refuse the generosity of a friend ?

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Ah ! Marquis, we are very far, we people of the world, from understanding the scrupulous delicacy of timorous minds. They think that they ought not to accept the assistance of every person without distinction.

M A R Q U I S.

You thus deprive yourself of the best way of expiating our foolish dissipations.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Not at all. I suppose, for instance, that the Marquis des Arcis was touched with compassion for their situation.

why

why does he not communicate his assistance by hands more worthy ?

M A R Q U I S.

And less sure.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

That may be.

M A R Q U I S.

Tell me, were I to send them twenty louis, do you believe they would refuse them ?

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

I am certain of it ; and this refusal would appear to you misplaced, in the case of a mother who had a charming daughter ?

M A R Q U I S.

Do you know that I have been tempted to pay them a visit ?

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

I believe it. Marquis, Marquis, take care of yourself ; this is a movement of compassion very sudden and very suspicious.

M A R Q U I S.

However that may be, would they have received me ?

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

No, surely ! The splendour of your carriage, your dress, your servants, and the charms of the young lady, nothing more would be required to afford room for the tittle tattle of neighbours, and to occasion their ruin.

MAR-

M A R Q U I S.

You vex me, for certainly that was not my object. I must then abandon the idea of giving them assistance and paying them a visit ?

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

I believe so.

M A R Q U I S.

But suppose I were to convey my assistance by your means ?

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

I do not believe this assistance of yours sufficiently pure for me to undertake the charge of it.

M A R Q U I S.

How cruel is this !

K 2

MAD.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Yes, cruel it is indeed ; you feel it so.

M A R Q U I S.

What a chimera ! Marchioness, you quite mock me. A young lady whom I had never seen but once . . .

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

But one of the few who, after they are once seen, are never forgotten.

M A R Q U I S.

It is true that such figures are apt to haunt one.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Marquis, take care of yourself ; you are preparing a source of vexations, which I prefer, to keep you from in-
curing

curring, rather than to console you when they have happened. Beware of confounding those with the persons you have been accustomed to know. They are totally unlike. They are not to be tempted ; they are not to be seduced ; they are not to be approached. They refuse to listen to your addresses ; you can never obtain the object of your desires.

After this conversation, the Marquis suddenly recollected a pressing engagement ; he rose abruptly, and left the house in a pensive mood.

For a considerable period, the Marquis did not allow even a single day to pass without seeing Madame de la Pommeraye ; but when he came, he sat down, he was silent ; Madame de la Pommeraye

had all the conversation herself. The Marquis, after staying a quarter of an hour, rose and went away.

He then dropped his visits for near a month, after which he again made his appearance, but pale, melancholy, and dejected. The Marchioness, when she saw him, said, How ill you look ! Where have you been ? Have you spent all this time in Bedlam ?

M A R Q U I S.

Upon my faith, very near it. Despair has plunged me into the most unbounded libertinism.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

How ! despair ?

M A R Q U I S.

Yes, despair . . .

Without

Without saying more, he began walking backwards and forwards, not speaking a single word ; he went to the window, looked at the sky, stopped short before Madame de la Pommeraye ; he went to the door, called his servants to whom he had nothing to say, sent them away again ; he returned to Madame de la Pommeraye, who continued her work without taking notice of him. He wished to speak, but was afraid to venture. At last Madame de la Pommeraye took pity upon him, and said, What is the matter with you ? You leave us a month without seeing you ; you return with a countenance like a ghost, and are as restless as a soul in torment.

M A R Q U I S.

I can forbear no longer ; I must tell you all. I was deeply touched with the

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daugh-

daughter of your friend ; she occupied my whole mind, but I did every thing to forget her, and the more I did, the more she was present to my recollection. This angelic creature haunts me incessantly. Do me an important service.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

What may that be ?

M A R Q U I S.

I must absolutely see her again, and I must be indebted to you for the obligation. I have placed my spies all around. They go no where but from their house to the church, and from the church home again. Twenty times I threw myself in their way, and absolutely they took no notice of me ; I planted myself at their door to no purpose.

pose. They rendered me first as profligate as a monkey ; then turned me pious as an angel. I did not fail going to mass every day for a fortnight. Ah, my friend ! what a figure ! how lovely she is ! . . .

Madame de la Pommeraye knew the whole story. You mean, replied she to the Marquis, that, after having employed every expedient to effect a cure, you omitted no means to drive yourself mad, and that, in the latter part only, you have succeeded ?

M A R Q U I S.

And succeeded, I cannot express how far. Will you not take pity upon me ? And am I not to be indebted to you for the happiness of seeing her again ?

MAD.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

The matter is difficult, and I will consider of it, but upon one condition, which is, that you will leave these unfortunate people in peace, and cease to torment them. I will not conceal that they have written to me of your persecution with bitterness; and there is the letter . . .

The letter, which was given to the Marquis to read, had been concerted between them. It was from Mademoiselle d'Aisnon, who appeared to have written it by order of her mother, and it was executed with elegance and wit, with a mixture of every thing that was handsome, insinuating, touching : with all that could turn the head of the Marquis. Accordingly, he accompanied

nied every word with an exclamation ; not a phrase which he did not read again and again : he wept with joy ; he said to Madame de la Pommeraye, Acknowledge that nothing can be better written than this.—I grant it.—And, that at every line, we feel ourselves penetrated with admiration and respect for women of this character.—So we should.—I shall keep my word with you ; but take care, I beseech you, that you do not break yours.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

In truth, Marquis, I am as mad as you. You must have preserved an extraordinary influence over me ; it terrifies me.

M A R Q U I S.

When am I to see her again ?

MAD.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

I do not know that. We must, in the first place, consider of the means of arranging the business, and avoiding all suspicion. They cannot be ignorant of your views. Do but think of the colour which my complaisance would wear in their eyes did they imagine that I acted in concert with you ! . . . But, Marquis, between ourselves, why should I involve myself in such a dilemma ? What is it to me, whether you are in love or not ? and, that you are out of your wits ? Fight your way yourself. The part that you assign to me is a little too extraordinary.

M A R Q U I S.

My love, if you abandon me, I am undone ! I will speak no more to you

of myself, for that might offend you ; but I will conjure you by those interesting and deserving creatures who are so dear to you ; you know me, spare them all the extravagancies of which I am capable. I will go to their house ; yes, I warn you, I will go ; I will force their door, I will enter in spite of their resistance ; I will sit down ; I know not what I will say, what I will do ; for what have you not to fear from the violence with which I am agitated ? . .

You will remark, gentlemen, said the hostess, that from the commencement of this adventure to this moment, every word the Marquis des Arcis had uttered, was a deadly stroke aimed at the heart of Madame de la Pommeraye. She was choaked with rage and indignation ; accordingly she answered the
Mar-

Marquis in a tremulous and faltering voice.

But you are right. Ah ! had I been so loved ; perhaps . . . Let us drop that subject . . . It is not for your sake that I will act, but I flatter myself at least, Marquis, that you will allow me time.

M A R Q U I S.

As little, as little as I can.

J A M E S.

Ah, hostess ! what a fiend of a woman ! hell itself is not worse. She makes me tremble, and I must drink a glass to hearten me . . . What, you won't join me ?

H O S T E S S.

H O S T E S S .

For my part, I am under no apprehension . . . Madame de la Pommeraye would say ; I suffer, but I do not suffer alone. Cruel man ; I know not what is to be the duration of my torment ; but I will render yours eternal . . . She kept the Marquis near a month in expectation of the interview she had promised ; that is to say, she left him all this time to pine, to become thoroughly intoxicated, and, under pretence of sweetening the irksomeness of delay, she allowed him to entertain her with his passion.

M A S T E R .

And to fortify by talking of it.

J A M E S .

What a woman ! what a devil of a woman ! Hostess, my terror redoubles ?

H O S T E S S .

H O S T E S S .

The Marquis came every day to chat with Madame de la Pommeraye, who succeeded in completely enflaming his imagination, confirming his passion, and accomplishing his total undoing by the most artful conversation. He obtained information of the country, the birth, the education, the fortune, and the disaster of these women; he dwelt incessantly upon the subject, and he never thought that he had got sufficient information nor felt sufficient sympathy. The Marchioness pointed out the progress of his sentiments, and rendered the term to which it would lead familiar to him, under pretence of representing it as a subject to inspire him with alarm. Marquis, she would say, have a care; this will carry you a great way.

way. Some day it may happen that my friendship, which you so strangely abuse, will not excuse me either in my own eyes or in yours. Greater extravagances indeed are committed every day. Marquis, I very much fear that you will not obtain this girl but upon conditions, which hitherto have not been much to your taste.

When Madame de la Pommeraye believed the Marquis well prepared for the success of her design, she arranged with the two women, that they should come to dine with her and with the Marquis, that in order to impose upon them he should surprise them in a country dress; which was accordingly executed.

They were at the second course when the Marquis was announced. The Marquis, Madame de la Pommeraye and the two d'Aisons played off their affected embarrassment in a very superior manner. Madam, said he to Madame de la Pommeraye, I am just come from my estate, it is too late to go home where I am not expected till night, and I flattered myself that you would not refuse me a dinner.—And saying this he had, at the same time, taken a chair and placed himself at table. The cover had been disposed in such a manner, that he found himself by the side of the mother and opposite to the daughter. By a glance, he thanked Madame de la Pommeraye for this delicate attention. After the confusion of the first moment, our two devotees recovered their spirit, they talked, they were even gay. The
Marquis

Marquis discovered the highest attention to the mother, and the most reserved politeness to the daughter. The scrupulous care which the Marquis observed to say nothing, and to avoid every thing which could offend them was to these three women a secret and most entertaining amusement. They were so inhuman as to make him talk religion for three hours together, and Madame de la Pommeraye would say to him, Your discourse forms a wondrous panegyric upon your parents. The lessons we receive in infancy are never obliterated. You understand all the subtleties of divine love, as if you had received your whole education at St. Francis de Sales. Were you not a little of a Quietist?—I no longer recollect . . . It is needless to say that our devotees displayed in the conversation

all the grace, the wit, the insinuation, and the cunning which they possessed. As they went along they touched upon the chapter of the passions, and Mademoiselle Duquenoi (for that was their family name) maintained that every one of them was dangerous. The Marquis expressed himself of her opinion. Between six and seven, the two women retired, notwithstanding every effort made to detain them, Madame de la Pommeraye affirming that it was necessary to attend to duty in preference to every thing, without which there was almost no day, the pleasure of which was not tinged with remorse. Conceive them now gone to the great regret of the Marquis, and the Marquis *tête-à-tête* with Madame de la Pommeraye.

MAD.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

In truth, Marquis, am not I very good natured? Find me another woman in Paris who could do as much.

M A R Q U I S

(throwing himself at her feet).

I acknowledge it, there is not one who resembles you. Your goodness confounds me, you are the only real friend in the world.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Are you very sure that you will always feel, in the same manner, the value of my conduct?

M A R Q U I S.

I should be a monster of ingratitude, if I held its value too cheap.

L 3

MAD.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

To change the text. What is the state of your heart?

M A R Q U I S.

If I must confess it to you frankly, I must obtain this girl or perish.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

You will obtain her, doubtless, but you should know how.

M A R Q U I S.

We will see.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Marquis, Marquis, I know you, I know them, every thing is before me.

The

The Marquis was about two months without shewing himself at Madame de la Pommeraye's, and in the interval he was thus employed; he made acquaintance with the confessor of the mother and daughter. He was a friend to the little Abbé whom I have mentioned. This priest, after having put in practice all the hypocritical difficulties which can be opposed to a dishonourable intrigue, and sold as high as possible, the sanctity of his office, lent his aid to every thing which the Marquis wished to accomplish.

The first villainy of this man of God was to check the kindness of the rector, and to persuade him that these two women who were protected by Madame de la Pommeraye obtained from the parish that charity of which they deprived

other indigent persons, more fit objects of pity than they. His purpose was by misery to render them subservient to his views.

Next, in the discharge of his office of confessor, he laboured to excite division between the mother and the daughter. When he heard the mother complain of the daughter, he aggravated the faults of the latter and irritated the resentment of the former—if it was the daughter who complained of her mother, he insinuated to her that the power of fathers and mothers over their children was limited, and that if the persecution of her mother was pushed to a certain point, it might not perhaps be impossible to withdraw her from a tyrannical authority. Then he enjoined her as a penance to return to confession.

Another

Another time he would speak to her of her charms, but cunningly. It was one of the most dangerous gifts which God could confer upon a woman, from the impression which had been experienced from them by a worthy gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he did not name, but whom it was not difficult to guess. He proceeded from this subject to the infinite mercy of heaven and the indulgence of God to faults which certain circumstances rendered necessary—to the weakness of nature for which every one finds the excuse in himself—to the violence and generality of certain inclinations, from which the most holy men were not exempted. He then asked her if she had no desires, if her constitution did not speak to her in dreams, if she was not troubled by the presence of men?

Next

Next he agitated the question whether a woman ought to yield to a man who entertained for her a violent passion, and allow him to die for whom the blood of Jesus Christ had been shed, and he durst not decide. Then he breathed profound sighs—he raised his eyes to heaven—he prayed for the tranquillity of souls in torment. The young lady allowed him to proceed: the mother and Madame de la Pommeraye, to whom she faithfully reported the discourse of the director, suggested to her to disclose circumstances which all tended to encourage him.

J A M E S.

Your Madame de la Pommeraye is a malicious woman.

MASTER.

MASTER.

James, it is easy to say that; but from what does her malice proceed? From the Marquis des Arcis—restore him to what he swore, and to what he ought to be, and point out to me any defect in Madame de la Pommeraye? When we are upon our journey you will accuse her, and I undertake the charge of her defence; for this vile pimping priest, I abandon him.

JAMES.

This has been such a wicked fellow, that I believe I shall never more go to confess. What think you, hostess?

HOSTESS.

As for myself I shall continue my visits to my old curate, who is not very curious,

curious, and who does not hear what one says to him.

J A M E S.

Suppose we drink to your curate's health ?

H O S T E S S.

For this I give you credit, for he is a good man ; he allows the boys and girls to dance on Sundays and festival days, and he permits men and women to come to my house, provided they don't get drunk. Here is to my curate !

J A M E S.

To your curate !

H O S T E S S.

Our ladies had no doubt that the
man

man of God would venture immediately to deliver a letter to his penitent, which was done, but with what management ! He did not know from whom it came, he presumed that it might be from some kind and charitable soul, who had discovered their misery, and who was proposing to them means of relief ; he had frequently delivered letters of a similar nature. You are wise, madam, your mother is prudent, and I require that you open it in her presence. Mademoiselle Duquenoi took the letter, and delivered it to her mother, who passed it immediately to Madame de la Pommeraye. Fortified by this paper, she made the priest wait upon her, loaded him with the reproaches which he merited, and threatened to lay his conduct before his superiors, if ever she heard any thing concerning him.

In

In this letter the Marquis launched out into an eulogium upon his own person, and that of Mademoiselle Duquenoi, painted the violence of the passion which he had conceived for her, and made some bold propositions, amounting to no less than to carry her off by force.

After having read this lecture to the priest, Madame de la Pommeraye sent for the Marquis to her house, represented to him how unworthy his conduct was of a gentleman, and how much she had been exposed—shewed him his letter, protested that in spite of the tender friendship in which they were united, she would consider it an indispensable duty to produce it in a court of justice, or to deliver it back to Madame Duquenoi if any incident befel her daughter,

ter. Ah! Marquis, said she to him, love corrupts your heart; you must have been born under some inauspicious star, since what is the source of great actions, in others inspires you only with sentiments which degrade you. And what have these poor women done, that ignominy should be added to their misery? Must the girl's beauty and her love of virtue make you become her persecutor? Does it become you to make her curse one of the fairest boons of heaven? Or when did I merit being made your accomplice? Come, Marquis, throw yourself at my feet, ask my pardon, and swear to me that you will suffer my ill fated friends to live in peace. . . The Marquis promised to her that he would attempt nothing without consulting her, but protested that he must have the girl at any price.

The Marquis was by no means faithful to his promise. The mother was informed of the business; he did not hesitate to address her upon the subject. He avowed his criminal intentions, he offered a considerable sum, besides assurances of future provision, and along with his letter he sent a casket of rich jewels.

The three ladies held a council, the mother and the daughter were disposed to accept the offer, but this did not correspond with the views of Madame de la Pommeraye. She reminded them of the promise which they had given her, threatened to discover every thing, and to the great mortification of our devotees, the younger of whom took away the ear-rings which became her so well,
the

the casket and the letter were returned with a haughty and indignant answer.

Madame de la Pommeraye complained to the Marquis of the little regard that he had paid to his promises. The Marquis excused himself upon the indecency of employing her on such a commission. Marquis ! Marquis ! said Madame de la Pommeraye to him, I have already informed you, and I again repeat it, you are on the wrong scent ; but there is no time for preaching—words will be of no avail, there is no other alternative . . . The Marquis confessed that he entertained the same sentiments with her, and asked her permission to make one more trial ; it was to settle a considerable annuity upon both their lives : to share his fortune with the two ladies, and to give them a life-

rent of one of his town and country houses. You may make the trial, said the Marchioness, I prohibit only the use of violent measures; but, believe me, my friend, honour and virtue, when they are sincere, are inestimable in the eyes of those who are fortunate enough to possess them. Your new offers will be attended with no better success than the former; I know the ladies, and I could pledge myself for the purity of their conduct.

The new propositions were made. Another council was held by the three ladies. The mother and the daughter waited in silence the decision of Madame de la Pommeraye. She took a short turn without speaking. No, no, said she, this will not satisfy my wounded heart . . . And no sooner had she pronounced her negative than the two ladies

ladies burst into a flood of tears, threw themselves at her feet, and represented to her how mortifying it was for them to reject an immense fortune, which it was in their power to accept without any disagreeable consequence. Madame de la Pommeraye drily replied to them: Do you think that what I have done has been on your account? what do I owe you? Is it not in my power to send you both back to your late situation? If what he offers be too much for you, it is too little for me. Write, Madam, the answer which I shall dictate to you, and let it be dispatched in my sight . . . The ladies returned still more frightened than distressed.

J A M E S.

The woman is possessed by the devil, what would she be at?—What! is not a decline of affection sufficiently punish-

ed by the sacrifice of one half of a large fortune?

MASTER.

James, you have never been a woman, still less a virtuous woman; and, from your own character, you form a false estimate of that of Madame de la Pommeraye? If I must confess what I think, I am afraid that the marriage of the Marquis des Arcis with a woman of pleasure is decreed on high.

JAMES.

Oh, if it be decreed on high, it will certainly take place.

HOSTESS.

The Marquis was not long in repairing to the house of Madame de la Pommeraye. Well, says she to him, what of your new offers?

MARQUIS.

M A R Q U I S.

They have been made and rejected.—I now quite despair of success. I wish I could tear this unfortunate passion from my heart, that I could tear my heart out, but I cannot. Marchioness, look at me, cannot you see some traits of resemblance between this girl and me?

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

I never mentioned it, but I have perceived a likeness. However this is not the point; what do you resolve to do?

M A R Q U I S.

I can come to no resolution; I sometimes am seized with a desire to step into a post-chaise and to drive to the extremities of the earth, a moment after my heart sinks within me; I am, as it were,

M 3 annihilated,

annihilated, my head swims, I become stupid, I know not what to make of myself.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

I do not advise you to travel; it is not worth while to go to Jerusalem, to have the pleasure of returning . . .

Next morning, the Marquis wrote to the Marchioness that he was setting off for the country, that he would stay there as long as he could, and begged her to do him a service, with his female friends, if an opportunity occurred. The absence was short, he returned with the resolution of marrying her.

JAMES.

This poor Marquis! I quite pity him.

MASTER.

MASTER.

So do not I.

HOSTESS.

He alighted at Madame de la Pommeraye's door. She was abroad. On her return she found the Marquis loling in an easy chair, his eyes shut, and absorbed in deep meditation.—Ah! Marquis, are you here? The country has not had very lasting charms for you.—No, replied he, I am happy no where, and I come determined upon the most consummate act of folly, which a man of my estate, my age, and of my character can commit. But it is better to marry than to endure this torture. I'll marry.

M 4

MAD.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Marquis, it is a step of much importance, and requires consideration.

M A R Q U I S.

I know of only one, but it is a weighty one; I cannot be more unhappy than I am.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

You may be wrong.

J A M E S.

The traitress!

M A R Q U I S.

Here then, at last, my friend, is a negotiation in which I think you may embark with honour. See the mother and the daughter; interrogate the mother,
ther,

ther, sound the heart of the daughter, and communicate to them my intention.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Softly, Marquis. I thought I knew enough of them to transact any business which has hitherto passed between you, but now that the happiness of my friend is at stake, he will permit me to take a nearer inspection of their characters. I will inform myself of their country, and I promise you I will trace every step of their progress during their abode in Paris.

M A R Q U I S.

These precautions appear to me superfluous. Women in misery, who could resist the baits which I laid for these must be most extraordinary creatures,

creatures. With the offers I made them, I could obtain the favours of a duchess. Besides, have you not said yourself . . .

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

I have said every thing you please ; but, notwithstanding this, permit me to satisfy myself.

J A M E S.

The ——— ! the jade ! the fiend ! and how could he attach himself to such a woman ?

M A S T E R.

And why seduce her, and then abandon her ?

H O S T E S S.

Why cease to love her, without rhyme or reason ?

JAMES.

JAMES,

(Pointing to heaven with his finger).

Ah! my Master!

MARQUIS.

Well, Marchioness, will not you marry also?

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Whom, if you please?

MARQUIS.

The little Count; he is a man of wit, birth and fortune.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

And who is to answer for his fidelity? You, perhaps!

MAR-

M A R Q U I S.

No; but it is easy to forget a husband's infidelity.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

Granted; but, perhaps I may be singular enough to take offence at it, and I am vindictive.

M A R Q U I S.

Well; you will take your vengeance; that is understood. We shall have a common lodging, and form a most agreeable society of four.

MAD. DE LA POMMERAYE.

All this is very fine; but I am not married yet. The only man that perhaps I would have tempted to marry ..

MAR-

MA R Q U I S.

Was me.

MA D. DE LA PO M M E R A Y E.

My confessing it now is of no consequence.

MA R Q U I S.

And why not have told me?

MA D. DE LA PO M M E R A Y E.

The event justifies my silence. She whom you are going to see is in every respect better suited to you.

HO S T E S S.

Madame de la Pommeraye made out her information as minutely and as speedily as she pleased. She produced to the Marquis the most flattering attestations. She got them in Paris, and she

she got them in the country. She asked of the Marquis still another fortnight, in order that she might enter into a fresh investigation. This fortnight seemed to him an eternity ; at last the Marchioness was obliged to yield to his impatience and his entreaties. The first interview was at the house of her female friends ; every thing there was settled ; the banns were published, the contract signed ; the Marquis made a present of a superb diamond to Madame de la Pommeraye, and the marriage was consummated.

J A M E S.

What a plot, and what vengeance !

M A S T E R.

It is inconceivable !

J A M E S.

Deliver me from the discovery of the nuptial night, and then no great harm is to be feared.

M A S T E R.

Silence, fool !

H O S T E S S.

The wedding night passed very well.

J A M E S.

I should think . . .

H O S T E S S.

Think on what your Master has just said to you . . . Saying this, she smiled, passed her hand over James's face, and squeezed his nose . . . But it was the morrow . . .

J A M E S.

JAMES.

The morrow was not like the night?

HOSTESS.

Not altogether. Next morning Madame de la Pömmeraye wrote a note to the Marquis, requesting to see him at her house, on important business. The Marquis waited upon her of course.

She received him with a countenance, in which indignation was forcibly depicted. Her address to him was not long ; it was as follows :

‘ Marquis, learn to know me. If
‘ other women valued themselves enough
‘ to feel a resentment like mine, such
‘ people as you would be less frequent.
‘ You obtained the affection of a virtu-

‘ous woman, whom you knew not how
‘to preserve. This woman is myself.
‘She has avenged herself upon you, by
‘making you marry one who is worthy
‘of you. Instantly quit my house, and go
‘to the Hamburgh Hotel, in the *rue Tra-*
‘*versiere*, where you will be informed of
‘the foul profession which your wife and
‘your mother-in-law have followed for
‘ten years, under the name of d’Aisnon.’

The surprise and consternation of the poor Marquis cannot be described. He did not know what to think; but his uncertainty only lasted the time of his going from one end of the town to the other. He did not return home all that day; he wandered in the streets. His mother-in-law and his wife suspected what had happened. At the first knock at the door, the mother-in-law retired

to her apartment and locked herself in ; his wife waited his coming in alone. At the approach of her husband, she read in his countenance the fury which he felt. She threw herself at his feet, her eyes fixed on the floor, without uttering a word.—Retire, said he to her, infamous wretch ! Get you gone ! . . . She attempted to raise herself up, but she fell upon her face, with her arms stretched upon the ground, between the feet of the Marquis.—Sir, said she to him, trample me under your feet ! crush me to pieces, for I have deserved it ! do with me what you please : only spare my mother ! . . —Retire, replied the Marquis, retire ! . . Is it not enough that I am covered with infamy ? Spare me the commission of a crime . . . The poor creature continued in the posture in which she lay, and made no answer.

The

The Marquis had seated himself in an easy chair, his face covered with his hands, and his body half leaning upon the foot of his bed, exclaiming at intervals, Retire ! . . . The unfortunate creature, continuing silent and motionless, excited his surprise; he repeated in a still, louder tone, Retire ! don't you hear me? . . . He then stooped, endeavouring to push her away, but finding she was senseless and that life was almost gone, he gently raised her up, stretched her on a couch, and fixed his eyes upon her for a moment, which expressed alternately commiseration and resentment. He rang the bell; some of the servants came in; they called the female servants, and he desired them to carry their mistress, who was taken ill, to her apartment, and to give her proper assistance . . . In a few minutes,

he sent privately to know her situation. They said, that she had recovered from her first swoon ; but that the fainting fits succeeded one another so rapidly, were so frequent and so long, that they could not answer for the event. In an hour or two after, he again sent privately to know how she was. They said, she was almost breathless, and that she had been seized with convulsive fits which were so loud as to be heard in the court. In answer to his third message, which was in the morning, they reported that she had wept a great deal, that the convulsions had ceased, and that she appeared to be drowsy.

On the following day, the Marquis ordered his horses to be put to his carriage, and did not make his appearance for a fortnight, during which time, they
did

did not know what was become of him. Before his departure, he had made every necessary provision for the mother and the daughter, and left orders with the servants strictly to obey their mistress in every thing she desired.

In this interval the two ladies remained together, almost without exchanging words; the daughter sobbing, at times crying aloud, tearing her hair, wringing her hands; and her mother not venturing to come near to comfort her. The one was the figure of despair, the other of obduracy. The daughter said twenty times to her mother, Mamma, let us get out of this house; let us make our escape. The mother as often resisted the proposal, and replied; No, my girl, we must remain; we must see what this will come

to : surely he will not kill us . . . —Oh, would to God, returned the daughter, that it were already done ! . . Her mother would then say, You had better be silent than speak so foolishly.

On his return, the Marquis shut himself up in his closet, and wrote two letters, one to his wife, another to his mother-in-law. The latter repaired the same day to a convent of Carmelites, in the neighbouring town, where she died a few days ago. Her daughter dressed herself, and repaired to her husband's apartment, where probably she had been desired to come. At the door she threw herself down upon her knees.—Rise, said the Marquis to her . . . Instead of rising, she advanced towards him upon her knees ; she trembled at every joint ; her hair was dishevelled,

velled, her body a little inclined, her arms lifted up, her head raised, her eyes watching his looks, and her face streaming with tears. It seems to me, said she to him, (a sigh stopping her utterance at every word) as if your heart, which had good cause to be irritated, had relented, and perhaps I may in time obtain compassion. Sir, I beg you will not so soon hasten to forgive me. So many virtuous girls have become bad wives, that, perhaps, I shall be an instance of the contrary. I am not yet worthy to appear in your presence; pray let me only hope for pardon. Keep me at a distance from you; inspect my conduct; judge of it as it deserves: too happy, a thousand times too happy, if you condescend sometimes to send for me! Allot me some obscure corner in your house, in which

N 4

you

you will permit me to dwell, and there I shall remain without a murmur. Ah ! could I divest myself of the name and title, which they have made me usurp, and afterwards die the moment that you are satisfied ! I have been left to commit, under the influence of weakness, of seduction, of authority, of threats, an action of infamous desert ; but do not think, sir, that I am depraved : I am not ; since I did not hesitate to appear before you, in obedience to your command, and to presume to raise my eyes, and to address you. Ah ! could you read the secret sentiments of my heart, and see how different they are to those of women of a similar character ! Vice has been incidental to me ; it has not incorporated with my nature. I know my own heart ; and, it is a piece of justice which I owe to myself, to say,

say, that from my dispositions, my sentiments and my character, I was born worthy of the honour of being connected with you. Ah ! had I been at liberty to see you, I should only have needed to say one word, and I believe I should have had the courage to speak it. Sir, dispose of me as you think proper ; make your servants come in ; let them strip me, and throw me out into the street, under the darkness of night ; I subscribe to whatever you ordain. Let the fate to which you doom me, be whatever it may, I submit to it ; let some sequestered cottage, or the obscurity of a cloister, conceal me for ever from your sight : speak the word, and thither I will go. Your happiness is not irretrievably lost ; you can forget me.

Rise,

Rise, said the Marquis to her in a soft tone of voice, I have forgiven you. At the moment even when I was smarting under a sense of injury, I respected my wife in you: not a single word has escaped me tending to humble her; or, at least, if there has, I repent of it, and protest that she shall never hear another to that effect, if she remember that she never can render her husband unhappy without being miserable herself. Be virtuous, be happy, and make me so. Rise, I pray you, my wife, rise, and embrace me! Marchionness, rise! you are not in your place: Madame d'Arcis, rise up! . . .

Whilst he thus spoke to her, she concealed her face with her hands, and rested her head upon the knees of the Marquis; but, at the word, My wife!

At

at the name of Madame d'Arcis ! she suddenly sprang up, and threw herself upon the Marquis ; she held him in her embrace, half suffocated with grief and joy ; she then tore herself from him ; threw herself upon the ground, and kissed his feet.—Ah ! said the Marquis to her, I have forgiven you ; I have told you of it, and I see that you will not believe it.—I never can believe it, replied she. — The Marquis added, in truth, I believe I never shall have cause to repent it, and that this Pommeraye, instead of avenging herself, has done me an essential service. My dear, go and dress yourself, while your servants are employed in packing up your trunks. We will set off for my estate, where we shall live till we can return here without any unpleasant consequence to you or to myself . . .

They

They were absent three years together from the capital.

JAMES.

And I'll wager, these three years seemed like a single day, and that the Marquis made one of the best of husbands, and had one of the best wives in the world.

MASTER.

I'll go halves with you, but, in truth, I am at a loss to know for what reason; for I am not satisfied with the conduct of this girl, in the course of the plot which was carried on by Madame de la Pommeraye, and her mother. Without a moment's fear, without the smallest share of doubt, without one pang of remorse, I have seen her willingly become a party in this long scene of enormity.

mity. Whatever she was desired, she did not hesitate to perform, she went to confess, she communicated, she made game of religion and of its ministers. She appears to me to be as dreadful, as contemptible, as wicked as the other two . . . Hostess, you are a good historian, but you are not profoundly versed in the dramatic art. If you had wished that this young lady should excite an interest, you should have given her openness of character, and represented her to us as the innocent and unwilling victim of her mother and de la Pommeraye; she should have been introduced as constrained by cruel treatment, in spite of her own inclination, to concur in a scene of iniquity which lasted for a year; and we should have been thus prepared for this woman's reconciliation with her husband. When a person is

introduced into a scene, her character should be uniform; now I ask of you, my charming hostess, whether the character of the girl who conspires with these two profligates, quite corresponds with that of the woman whom we have beheld a prostrate suppliant at her husband's feet? You have transgressed the rules of Aristotle, of Horace, of Vida, and of Bossu.

H O S T E S S .

I know not what is crooked * from what is straight. I have told you the circumstances as they happened, without either omitting or adding any thing. And who knows what passed in the heart of this young girl, and whether, at the moments when she seemed

* *Bossu* signifies crooked, and the observation of the Hostess is a quibble upon the word, which is lost in the translation.

to act with the least weight upon her spirits, she was not perhaps corroded by secret remorse.

JAMES.

Hostess, for this time I must agree in opinion with my Master, who will pardon me, as it happens so seldom. I know nothing of his Bossu; and, of the other gentlemen whom he mentioned, I am as ignorant; but if Mademoiselle Duquenoi, formerly d'Aison, had been a good girl, she would have shewn it.

HOSTESS.

Good girl or bad, such an excellent wife does she make, that her husband is as happy with her as a king, and would not exchange her for any other.

MASTER.

I wish him joy of it; he has been more fortunate than wise.

H O S T E S S.

And for myself I wish you good night; I must be last out of bed at night and first up in the morning. What a cursed profession! Good night, gentlemen, good night. I promised you, I know not what introduced it, the history of a singular marriage, and I think I have kept my word with you. Mr. James, I think you'll have little difficulty in falling asleep, for your eyes are more than half shut. Good night, Mr. James.

M A S T E R.

Well, hostess, is there no way of getting acquainted with your own adventures?

H O S T E S S.

No.

JAMES.

J A M E S.

You have a most insatiable thirst for stories!

M A S T E R.

True, I have; they both instruct and amuse me. A good story-teller is rarely to be found.

J A M E S.

James, this is the very reason why I don't like stories, unless I make them myself.

M A S T E R.

You would rather speak nonsense than be silent.

J A M E S.

I would.

VOL. II.

O

MASTER.

MASTER.

And I would rather hear nonsense,
than hear nothing at all.

JAMES.

That disposition sets both of us very
much at our ease.—

I know not how the Hostess, James,
and his Master had disposed of their
understandings, that they could not
discover one of the arguments which
might have been adduced in favour of
Mademoiselle Duquenoi. Might not
this lady have been acquainted with the
artifices of Madame de la Pommeraye
before the catastrophe of the plot?
Might she not have preferred accepting
the offers rather than the hand of the

Mar-

Marquis, and to possess him as a lover rather than a husband? Was she not continually under the menaces and the despotism of the Marchioness? Can she be blamed for the horrible aversion she entertained for a state of infamy? And if you chuse the alternative of esteeming her more on this account, in extricating herself from it, can you require much delicacy, much scruple in the choice of the means?

And you believe, reader, that it is more difficult to make the apology of Madame de la Pommeraye? You perhaps would have liked better to have heard on this subject James and his Master; but they had to speak of so many things more interesting, that this, in all probability, would have been

Q 2

neglected.

neglected. Permit me then, for a moment, to consider the point.

You fly into a rage at the name of Madame de la Pommeraye, and you exclaim, Ah! the horrible woman! Ah! the hypocrite! Ah! the abandoned wretch!—No exclamation, no anger, no partiality; let us reason. Every day actions more foul are perpetrated without genius. You may hate, you can dread Madame de la Pommeraye, but you will not despise her. Her vengeance is atrocious, but it is not sullied by any motive of interest. You have not been informed that she had thrown in the face of the Marquis the beautiful diamond which he had presented her, but she did so; I know it from the surest information. Her object was neither to increase her fortune nor to acquire titles
of

of honour. Suppose this woman had done as much to obtain for a husband the reward of his services; had she prostituted herself to a minister or to a principal secretary for a ribband or a regiment; to the keeper of the register of benefices for a rich abbey;—all this would appear quite common: the practice would be for your interest; and when she avenges herself of perfidy, you revolt at her conduct, instead of perceiving that her resentment offends you only because you are capable of experiencing one equally profound, or because you lightly esteem the virtue of women. Have you at all reflected upon the sacrifices which Madame de la Pommeraye made to the Marquis? I will not say that her purse had been opened to him upon every occasion, and that, for several years, he had kept no other

house, no other table but hers; at this you would shake your head; but she had accommodated herself to all his caprices, to all his desires; to please him she had reversed the whole plan of her life. She enjoyed the highest consideration in the world from the purity of her morals, and she had degraded herself to the common level. When she had accepted the homage of the Marquis des Arcis, people said of her: At last this wonderful Madame de la Pommeraye has become one of us . . . She had remarked around her the ironical smile, she had heard the sarcastic joke, and often they obliged her to blush and look downwards. She had swallowed all the cup of bitterness prepared for those women whose correct conduct has too long been a satire upon the loose morals of those by whom they are surrounded.

She

She had supported all the scandalous notoriety by which they avenge themselves of those impudent prudes, who set up for virtue. She was proud, and she would rather have died in tortures, than have launched into the world with the contempt of a deserted mistress and the shame of abandoned virtue. She was approaching that period when the loss of a lover is no longer to be repaired. Such was her character, when this event condemned her to regret and to solitude. A man strikes another for a blow for giving him the lie, and shall a virtuous woman, ruined, dishonoured, betrayed, not be permitted to consign the traitor to the arms of a courtesan? Ah, reader, you are very cool in your praise, and very severe in your censure. But you will tell me it is more the manner than the action for which I blame

the Marchioness. I cannot excuse a resentment which is nourished so long, a tissue of deceit and falsehood which lasts near a year. No more do I, nor James, nor his Master, nor the hostess. But you pardon every thing which proceeds from a first emotion, and I will tell you that if the first emotion of others, in short that of Madame de la Pommeraye, and women of her character, is long, their soul remains sometimes all their life the same, as at the first moment of the injury; and what inconvenience, what injustice is there in this? I see nothing which it can produce but treachery of a less common nature, and I should highly approve a law condemning to the arms of courtesans, him who has seduced and abandoned a virtuous woman, consigning
the

the common men to the common women.

While I thus indulge in this discussion, James's Master snores, as if he had been my hearer; and James, the muscles of whose legs refused to perform their service, staggered about the room in his shirt and bare-footed, overthrows every thing he encounters and awakes his Master, who says to him (peeping between the curtains) James, you are drunk.—Or very near it.—At what hour do you propose going to bed?—Immediately, sir; it is because there is . . . because there is . . .—What is?—In this bottle some of the wine left which might evaporate. I entertain a horror for bottles kept after the corks are drawn; it would recur to me after I had lain down in bed, and prevent me from closing an eye.

Our

Our hostess, on my faith, is an excellent woman, and her Champagne excellent wine, it were a pity to let it evaporate . . . Now I have got it under cover, and it shall no longer evaporate . . . Stuttering in this manner barefooted and in his shirt, he had swallowed two or three bumpers, without punctuation, as he expressed it, that is to say, from the bottle to the glass, and from the glass to the mouth There are two versions upon the subject of what followed, after he had extinguished the lights. Some maintain that he fell a groping along the walls without being able to regain his bed, and that he said, Upon my faith it is here no longer, or if it is it is decreed on high that I am not to find it again; in either case I must do without it; and that he then adopted the expedient of stretching himself

himself upon chairs. Others say that it had been decreed on high that he should entangle his feet in the chairs, that he should fall his whole length upon the floor and there remain. Of these two reasons, to-morrow or the day after to-morrow, when your head is settled, you may chuse which you please.

Our two travellers, who had gone late to bed and their heads a little heated with wine, slept till far in the day; James upon the floor, or upon chairs according to the version, which you prefer; his Master more at ease in his bed. The hostess came up stairs and told them that the day would not be good, but that, even though the weather permitted them to continue their journey, they would risk their lives, or would be stopped by the swell
of

of the waters of the stream they had to cross, and that several men on horseback, who would not believe her, had been compelled to turn back. The Master said to James: James, what shall we do? James answered, in the first place we will breakfast with our hostess who will give us her advice. The hostess protested that it was wisely thought. Breakfast was served up. The hostess asked nothing better than to be merry. James's Master would not have been backward, but James now began to be restless, he eat with a very bad grace, he drank little, he was silent. The last symptom was the most unpleasant of all; this was the consequence of the bad night he had passed, and the bad bed he had occupied. He complained of pains in his limbs; his hoarse voice indicated

dicated a sore throat. His Master advised him to go to bed, but he refused. The hostess proposed some soup with onions. He desired a fire to be lighted in the room for he felt a shivering; he told them to prepare him some water-gruel, and to bring him a bottle of white wine; all which was instantly executed. The hostess was now gone and James left *tête-à-tête* with his Master. The latter going often to the window, would say, what devilish bad weather! looked at his watch (for it was the only one in which he placed confidence) to see what o'clock it was, took his pinch of snuff and repeated the same thing every hour, exclaiming each time; what devilish weather! turning to James, and adding, what a fine opportunity to resume and compleat the history of your amours! But we speak indifferently

rently of love or of any thing else when we are ill. Look, examine yourself. If you are able to continue, then continue; if not, drink your water-gruel and sleep.

James maintained, that silence by no means agreed with him; that he was a talkative animal; that the principal advantage of his situation, that which touched him the most, was the liberty of making amends for the dozen years which he had passed with the gag in the house of his grandfather, rest his soul!

M A S T E R.

Speak then, since it is agreeable to both of us. You had got the length of some dishonourable proposition or other of the surgeon's wife: the object of it was,

was, I believe, to turn out the surgeon who attended the castle, and to install the husband in her place.

J A M E S.

I have it ; but a single moment, if you please. Let us humectate !

James filled a large bason with water-gruel, into which he poured a little white wine, and swallowed the dose. It was a receipt which he had got from his captain, and which Mr. Tissot, who had it from James, recommends in his *Treatise of Popular Disorders*. The white wine, said James and Mr. Tissot, makes you p—s, is diuretic, corrects the insipidity of the water-gruel, and maintains the tone of the stomach and intestines. James, having drank his water-gruel, continued:

J A M E S.

J A M E S.

Conceive me now sallied out of the surgeon's house, placed in the carriage, arrived at the castle, and surrounded by all its inhabitants.

M A S T E R.

Were you known there ?

J A M E S.

Assuredly ! Don't you recollect a certain woman with a cruise of oil ?

M A S T E R.

Very well.

J A M E S,

This woman was accustomed to do little jobs for the intendant and his domestics. Jane had cried up, at the
castle,

Castle, the act of compassion which I had performed : my good work had reached the ears of the master. They had taken care to inform him too of the kicks and cuffs with which I had been rewarded at night upon the high way. He had given orders to find me out, and convey me to his house. I was now there. I was gazed at, examined and admired. Jane embraced and thanked me.—Let him be commodiously lodged, said the master to his servants, and let him want for nothing. To the family surgeon ; You will attend him assiduously . . . Every thing was punctually executed. Well now, my Master, who knows what is decreed on high ? Let any body now say, that it is well, or that it it is ill done, to give away our money ; that it is a misfortune to be knocked down . . . With-

out these two events, M. Desglands had never heard of James.

M A S T E R.

M. Desglands, lord of Miremont ! what were you in the castle of Miremont ? at the house of my old friend, the father of M. Desforges, intendant of the province ?

J A M E S.

The very same. And the tall, handsome brown girl with black eyes . . .

M A S T E R.

Is Denise, Jane's daughter !

J A M E S.

She herself.

M A S T E R.

You are right. She is one of the loveliest and most virtuous creatures within

within twenty leagues round. Myself and the greater part of those who frequented the castle of Desglonds, had in vain employed every means to seduce her ; and not one of us but would have committed great fooleries for her, on condition of her committing a trifling piece of folly in our favour.

James making no reply, his Master said to him, What are you thinking of ? What are you about ?

J A M E S.

I am saying my prayers.

M A S T E R.

What ! do you pray ?

J A M E S.

Sometimes.

MASTER,

And what do you say ?

JAMES.

I say ; 'Thou, whoever thou art,
' who formed the Grand Register, and
' whose finger traced every decree that
' is inscribed on high ! thou hast ever
' known what was best for me ; let thy
' will be done. Amen.'

MASTER.

And might you not do just as well to
hold your tongue ?

JAMES.

Perhaps yes ; perhaps no. I pray
at all adventures ; and whatever en-
sues, I would neither rejoice nor la-
ment, if I could be calm ; but I am
violent

violent and rash ; I forget my principles, or the lessons of my captain ; I weep and laugh like a fool.

M A S T E R .

What ! did your captain never weep or laugh ?

J A M E S .

Seldom . . . Jane one morning brought me her daughter ; and, addressing herself first to me ; Sir, says she, you are now in a splendid castle, where you will be a little better off than at the house of your surgeon. At the beginning especially : Oh ! you will be wondrous well attended ! but, I know what domestics are ; I have been a long while in that situation. By degrees, their ardent zeal will subside. Their masters will think no more of you and

of your illness, continues she. You will be forgotten, so perfectly forgotten, that if you should take a fancy to die of hunger, you might succeed . . . Then turning to her daughter ; Attend, Denise, said she, I wish you to visit this honest man four times a day ; in the morning, at dinner time, at five o'clock, and at supper time. You are to obey him as you would obey me. Remember, I have told you, and do not fail.

M A S T E R.

Do you know what happened to poor Desglands ?

J A M E S.

No, sir, but if the wishes I have formed for his prosperity have not been fulfilled, it is not because they were not sincere. It was he that presented me to the commander of the Boulaye, who
perished

perished in his passage to Malta. The commander of the *Boulaye*, placed me in the service of his elder brother, the captain, who is now perhaps dead of the fistula. The captain transferred me to his youngest brother, advocate-general of Toulouse, who went mad and was confined by his friends. M. Pascal, advocate-general of Toulouse, presented me to the Count de Tourville, who preferred letting his beard grow under the habit of a Capuchin, to exposing his life. The Count de Tourville placed me in the service of the Marchioness du Belloy, who eloped to London with a foreigner. The Marchioness du Belloy presented me to one of her cousins, who ruined himself with women, and went to the Indies. This cousin of her's recommended me to M. Heressant, by profession a usurer, who kept the money

of M. de Rusai, doctor of the Sorbonne, who placed me in the service of Mademoiselle Isselin, whom you kept, and who placed me with you, to whom I am to be indebted for a provision in my old age ; for you promised me so, if I remained with you, and there is no probability of our separation. James was made for you, and you were made for James.

MASTER.

But, James, you had passed through a great number of families in a very short time.

JAMES.

It is true ; I was sometimes turned off.

MASTER.

Why?

JAMES.

J A M E S.

Because I was born a great talker, and the people I served were fond of silence. They were not like you, who would give me no thanks for holding my tongue. I had precisely the fault which suited your humour. But what is this that happened to M. Desglands? Tell me that, while I prepare a bason of water-gruel.

M A S T E R.

You lived in his castle, and never heard of his plaister.

J A M E S.

No.

M A S T E R.

That adventure will do when we are on the way; the other is short. He had

had made his fortune at play. He attached himself to a woman whom you may have seen at the castle, a woman of spirit, but serious, silent, original and severe. One day, this woman said to him, Either you love me better than play, and, in that case, give me your word of honour, that you will never play; or you love play more than me; and, if so, speak to me no more of your passion, and play as much as you please . . . Desglands gave his word of honour that he would never play more. —Neither high nor low? — Neither high nor low. They had lived together about ten years in the castle, which you know, when Desglands being called up to town upon an affair of consequence, had the misfortune to meet at the house of his notary, one of his old fellow gamesters, who took him to dine

at

at a gaming house, where, at a single sitting, he lost all he possessed. His mistress was inflexible. She was rich; and, after settling upon Desglands a moderate annuity, she separated from him for ever.

JAMES.

I am very sorry to hear it; he was a gentleman,

MASTER.

Well now, James, you are fixed in the house of Desglands, beside Denise, and Denise ordered by her mother to pay you at least four visits a day. The baggage to prefer a James!

JAMES.

A James!--a James, sir, is a man like another,

MASTER.

James, you are mistaken ; a James is not a man like another.

JAMES.

He sometimes is better than another.

MASTER.

James, you forget yourself ! Resume the history of your amours ; and remember that you are, and ever will be, no more than a James.

JAMES.

If, in the cottage where we met the robbers, James had not been a little better than his Master . . .

MASTER.

James, you are impertinent ; you
abuse

abuse my goodness. If I have been guilty of the folly of taking you out of your place, I know very well how to send you back to it again. James, take your bottle and your bason, and go down stairs.

J A M E S.

You are pleased to say so, sir ; I feel myself very well here, and I will not go down stairs.

M A S T E R.

I say, you shall go down stairs.

J A M E S.

I am sure you don't say true. What, sir, after having accustomed me for ten years to live on the footing of a companion . . .

MASTER.

MASTER.

I think proper to put an end to this.

JAMES.

After having suffered all my impertinences ! . . .

MASTER.

I intend to suffer them no longer.

JAMES.

After seating me at table by your side, calling me your friend ! . . .

MASTER.

You do not know then what is the meaning of the word friend, when bestowed by a superior upon his inferior.

JAMES.

J A M E S,

When it is known that all your orders are not worth a pinch of snuff, till ratified by James : after having coupled your name so close to mine, that the one never goes without the other ; and all the world says, ‘ James and his Master ! ’ all at once you are pleased to separate them ! No, sir, that will not be. It is decreed on high, that as long as James lives, as long as his Master lives, and even after they are both dead, it will be said James and his Master !

M A S T E R.

And I say, James, that you shall go down stairs instantly, because I command you.

J A M E S.

J A M E S.

Command me to do something else, sir, if you have a mind to be obeyed.

Here James's Master rose, seized him by the collar, and said gravely ; Go down stairs.

James replied coolly, I won't go down stairs.

The Master, shaking him violently, said, Go down, rascal ! Obey me.

James again answered coolly ; Rascal as much as you please, but the rascal will not go down stairs. Stop, sir, what I have got on my head I have not on my heel, as the saying is. You are heated to no purpose ; James will
stay

stay where he is, and will not go down stairs.

And now James and his Master, who had hitherto contained themselves, both at once fly out, and set a crying, might and main, You shall go down stairs.—I will not go down stairs.—You shall go down stairs.—I will not go down stairs.

At this noise, the Hostess came up, and inquired what was the matter ; but it was some time before she could obtain an answer. They continued crying, You shall go down stairs.—I will not go down stairs. Then the Master, his heart ready to burst, walked about the room, exclaiming, Was ever the like of this seen ! The Hostess, astonished and motionless, says, Why, gentle-

men ! what is the matter ? James, without any signs of emotion, replies to the Hostess, It is my Master, whose head is turning : he is mad.—Master ; is a brute, you would say.—James ; Any thing you please.—The Master to the Hostess ; Did you hear him ?—Hostess ; He is wrong : but, peace, peace ! one or the other of you speak, and let me know what is the matter.—Master to James ; Speak, rascal !—James to Master ; Speak yourself.—Hostess to James ; Mr. James, Speak ; your Master commands you ; and, after all, a master is a master.

James explained the case to the Hostess. The Hostess, after hearing it, says, Gentlemen, will you accept of me as arbiter ? James and his Master both together : Most willingly, most willingly.

Hos-

Hostess.—And you engage, upon your honour, to execute my sentence.--James and his Master; upon my honour, upon my honour . . . The Hostess then seating herself by the table and assuming the tone and the air of a grave magistrate, says:

“Having heard the declaration of Mr. James, and agreeable to the facts tending to prove that his Master is a good, a very good, too good a master: and that James is not a bad servant, though somewhat apt to confound absolute and unalterable possession with occasional gratuitous indulgence: I annul the equality which has been established between them by prescription, and I instantly create it anew. James shall go down stairs, and when he has gone down he shall come up again; he shall resume all the prerogatives which he has hitherto enjoyed.

ed. His Master shall present his hand to him, and say, in a friendly manner : Good day, James, I am very glad to see you again . . . James shall answer, And I, sir, am enchanted again to have found you . . . And I prohibit them from ever calling this point in question, or the prerogative of the master and servant from ever being agitated in future. We determine that the one shall command and the other obey, each as he can, and that the obscurity, which has hitherto prevailed, shall continue with regard to what the one can exact and the other ought to perform."

At the conclusion of this sentence, which she had stolen from some work published upon occasion of a quarrel precisely similar, and when from one end of the kingdom to the other, the
Master

Master had been heard crying to his servant: You shall go down stairs! and the servant, on his side, exclaiming, I will not go down stairs! Come, said she to James, do you give me your arm without parleying any more . . . James, exclaimed in a piteous tone, It was then decreed on high, that I should go down stairs: to which the hostess: It was decreed on high, that the very moment the character of master is assumed, you should go down stairs or come up, advance, recede, or remain, and this without ever suffering the feet to resist the orders of the head. Give me your arm and let my orders be executed . . . James gave the Hostess his arm, but hardly had they crossed the threshold when the Master threw himself upon James's neck and embraced him, quitted James to embrace the Hostess, and embracing

bracing them both, said: It is decreed on high that I shall never part with this original, and that as long as I live he shall be my Master and I shall be his servant . . . The hostess added, and as matters seem to go, you will neither of you find yourselves the worse for it.

The hostess after having appeased this quarrel, which she took to be the first, but which was more than the hundredth of the same species which had happened, and having re-installed James in his place, went away to look after her affairs, and the Master said to James: Now that we are cool and qualified to judge reasonably, will you not agree?

J A M E S.

I will agree, that when a man has given his word of honour he ought to keep

keep it, and that since we promised to the judge, upon our word of honour, not to resume this matter, we ought to speak no more about it.

M A S T E R.

You are right.

J A M E S.

But without recurring to this affair, might we not prevent an hundred similar disputes by some equitable arrangement?

M A S T E R.

I consent.

J A M E S.

Let us then stipulate, first, That whereas it is decreed on high that I am essential to you, and that whereas I feel and know that you cannot dispense with

a 3

me,

me, I will abuse these advantages each, and every time that an opportunity occurs.

M A S T E R.

But never in the world, James, have such conditions as these been stipulated.

J A M E S.

Stipulated, or not stipulated, such things have been done at every period, are done at this day, and will be done as long as long as the world endures. Do you imagine that others, as well as you, have not laboured to oppose this decree, and that you will be more adroit than they? Lay aside this idea, and submit to the law of necessity which you are unable to resist.

Let us stipulate, 2dly, That whereas it is as impossible that James should be

unacquainted with the ascendant, the power which he possesses over his Master, as for his Master, to be ignorant of his weakness and to divest himself of his indulgence, it is necessary that James should be insolent, and that, for the sake of peace, his Master should take no notice of such behaviour. All this was arranged without our knowledge, all this was sealed on high at the moment when nature formed James and his Master. It was decreed that you should have the title, and that I should enjoy the substance. If you attempt to oppose yourself to the will of nature, you will come off with the worst.

M A S T E R.

But by this reckoning your lot would be far preferable to mine.

JAMES.

J A M E S.

Who denies it?

M A S T E R.

But by this reckoning I have only to take your place, and station you in mine.

J A M E S.

Do you know what would be the consequence? You would lose the title without obtaining the substance. Let us remain as we are, we are both very well, and let the rest of our life be employed in making a proverb.

M A S T E R.

What proverb?

J A M E S.

James manages his Master. We shall be the first to whom the saying will be applied,

applied, but it will be repeated of a thousand others far superior to you and me.

MASTER.

This appears to me hard, very hard.

JAMES.

My Master, my dear Master! you are going to kick against a point that will only wound you the more sensibly. Such then is the agreement we are to conclude.

MASTER.

And what constitutes our consent to a necessary law?

JAMES.

A great many circumstances. Do you consider it a matter of no importance to know once for all, plainly and distinctly

distinctly what conduct to observe? All our quarrels hitherto have happened only because we have never yet properly explained to each other, that you were to call yourself my Master, but that I, in reality, should be yours. You see the terms are now understood, and we have only to regulate ourselves accordingly.

MASTER.

But where the devil did you learn all this?

JAMES.

In the great book. Oh! my Master in vain we reflect, meditate, and study all the books in the world, we are but poor scholars if we have not perused the great book . . .

In the afternoon the sun shone clear. Some travellers warranted the stream
to

to be fordable. James went down stairs, and his Master paid the hostess very liberally. At the door of the inn, a great number of travellers whom the bad weather had detained were now assembled, preparing to continue their journey; among the rest, James and his Master, the man who had made the foolish marriage, and his companion. The pedestrians take their staffs and wallets, some adjust themselves in their covered carts or their chaises, the horsemen mount and drink the parting glass. The hostess courteously, with a bottle in her hand, presents every one with a glass, which she fills, not forgetting herself. All pay her compliments, to which she answers with politeness and gayety. They clap spurs to their horses, they mutually pay their respects to each other and depart.

It

It happened that James and his Master, the Marquis des Arcis, and his companion were pursuing the same way. Of these four personages, the last is the only one with whom you are unacquainted. He was scarcely twenty two or twenty three years of age. The timidity of his temper was displayed in his countenance. His head inclined a little to his left shoulder; he was silent and almost entirely ignorant of the customs of the world. If he made a bow, he inclined the upper part of his body without moving his legs. When seated, he was accustomed to take the skirts of his coat and spread them upon his thighs to keep his hand in the slits, and to listen to those who spoke to him with his eyes almost shut. By these singularities of manner, James recognized what he was, and approaching his Master,

Master, whispered in his ear: I will lay a wager that this young man has worn the habit of a monk.—And how think you so, James?—You will see.

Our four travellers proceeded in company, conversing about the rain, the afternoon, the host and the hostess, of the quarrel in which the Marquis des Arcis was involved on account of Fanny. This famished and ill trained bitch came incessantly and rubbed herself upon his stockings. After, in vain, attempting to drive her away with his napkin, he had impatiently given her a violent kick . . . The conversation immediately turned upon the singular attachment which some women entertain for animals. Every one gave his opinion . . . James's Master addressing himself

self to James, says; And you, James, what think you of the subject?

James asked his Master if he had never remarked, that however great was the wretchedness of the lower classes, though destitute of bread for themselves, they all kept dogs; if he had never observed that these dogs were taught to perform tricks, to walk on two feet, to dance, to fetch and carry, to leap at the king's name and at the queen's, to counterfeit death, and that this education had rendered them the most miserable animals in the world. From this he concluded that every man was desirous to command another, and that animals being placed below the class of the lowest citizens whom every other class commanded, they pitched upon some animal, in order also to have a living creature

creature to command? In sooth, says James, every one has his dog. The minister is the king's dog, the wife is the husband's dog, or the husband the wife's dog. Favori is the dog of this man, and Thibaud is the dog of the man of the corner. When my Master makes me speak when I wish to be silent, which in truth, continued James, seldom occurs; when he silences me when I am desirous to speak, which is no easy matter; when he asks me to relate the history of my amours when I prefer speaking of any thing else; when I begin the story of my amours and he interrupts me, what else am I than his dog? The weak are the dogs of the strong.

M A S T E R.

But this attachment to animals I remark is not exclusively in the lower

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R

classes,

classes, for I know ladies of quality, surrounded with a pack of dogs, not to mention cats, parrots, and birds.

J A M E S.

It is a satire upon them, and upon those among whom they live. They love nobody, and nobody loves them, and they throw to the dogs a feeling of which they they know not how to dispose.

MARQUIS DES ARCIS.

To love animals, or throw one's heart to the dogs is a singular propensity.

M A S T E R.

What is given to such animals would be sufficient to feed two or three unfortunate people.

JAMES.

J A M E S.

And are you surprised at it ?

M A S T E R.

No.

The Marquis des Arcis turned to James, smiled at his ideas, then addressing himself to his Master, says: You have got there a servant who is no ordinary person.

M A S T E R.

A servant ! I am much obliged to you. It is I who am his ; and this morning, not very long ago, he had well nigh proved it in form.

Chatting in this manner, they reached the stage where they proposed to continue for the night, and took up their quarters in the same apartment. James's Master and the Marquis des Arcis supped together. James and the young man were served apart. The Master sketched out, in a few words, James's history, and the turn for fatalism, with which his head was possessed. The Marquis spoke of the young man who attended him. He had been a Norbertin. He had left the house to which he belonged, in consequence of a strange adventure. Some friends had recommended him, and he had made him his secretary, till something better occurred.

Says James's Master, That is pleasant enough.—And what do you discover

cover pleasant in that, said the Marquis des Arcis?—I speak of James.—Scarcely had we entered the inn we have just left, when James whispered me; See, observe that young man attentively! I will lay you any wager he has been a monk.—He has hit the matter exactly, said the Marquis; but I know not how. Do you go to bed early?—Not usually; and this night I have left orders to be in a hurry, because we have only performed half a day's journey. If you have nothing to employ you more usefully or more agreeably, says the Marquis des Arcis, I will relate the history of my secretary, which is by no means common.—I will hear you with the utmost pleasure, says the Master.

I hear you say to me, reader, And the amours of James ! . . Do you believe that I am not as curious to be acquainted with them as you ? Have you forgot that James loved to speak, and, above all, to speak of himself ; that general propensity of persons in his situation, that propensity which raises them from meanness, which places them in the tribune, and all at once transforms them into interesting personages ? What, in your opinion, is the motive that attracts the populace to public executions ?—Inhumanity.—You are mistaken ; the people are not inhuman. The wretch around whose scaffold they crowd, they would snatch, if they could, from the hands of justice. They go to find in the Place de Grève a scene which they may
recount

recount upon their return to the suburb; this, or something else, is indifferent to them, provided it furnishes them with a part to rehearse, which will assemble their neighbours, and procure an audience. Give, upon the Boulevards, an amusing fête, and you will see that the place of executions will be deserted. The people are fond of spectacles, and they frequent them because they are amused when they enjoy the scene, and because they are still more amused by the recital, which, at their return, it enables them to make. The people are terrible in their fury; but it is soon over. Their own misery renders them compassionate; they avert their eyes from the scene of horror they went to behold; they melt in sympathy, and return in tears! . . .

All I have now repeated to you, reader, I owe to James. I confess it, because I do not love to take credit for what another's mind has produced. James knew neither the meaning of the word vice nor virtue : he maintained that we were fortunately, or unfortunately born. When he heard the words reward and punishment uttered, he would shrug up his shoulders. According to him, reward was encouragement for the good, punishment a terror to the wicked! What else can it be, he would say, if there is no liberty, and if our destiny be decreed on high ? He believed that a man proceeded as necessarily to glory or to ignominy, as a bowl which had the consciousness of itself to follow the declivity of a mountain ; and that, if the concatenation of causes and effects, which compose the life of a man,

man, from the first instance of his existence till his last breath, were known, we should remain convinced that he had only performed what was necessary to be done. I have often contradicted him, but without profit, and without advantage. In fact, what can you reply to the man who tells you, Whatever may be the sum of the elements of which I am composed, I am one ; but one cause produces one effect. I have always been one cause, and never have had but one effect produced. My existence then is only a train of necessary effects.

It was thus that James reasoned, after his captain's principles, who had stuffed into his head all the opinions which he himself had drawn from Spinoza, whose book he had by heart. According

according to his system, you may be apt to imagine, that James was never happy nor afflicted at any occurrence; this, however, was not the case. He conducted himself nearly in the same manner as you and I. He thanked his benefactor for the good he received; he displayed resentment against the man who committed injustice; and, when it was objected to him, that then he resembled the dog who bites the stone that struck him; by no means he would say, the stone that is bitten by the dog does not amend; the unjust man is corrected by the cudgel. He was frequently inconsistent, like you and me, and apt to forget his principles, except in some circumstances, when he was evidently governed by his philosophy.

It

It was upon such occasions he would say, It was necessary that this should happen, for it was decreed on high. He endeavoured to prevent evil; he was prudent with the most perfect contempt of prudence. When the accident took place, he recurred to his old saying, and he was consoled. For the rest of his character, he was good-natured, frank, honest, brave, steady, faithful, extremely absolute, even more talkative, and, like you and me, grieved at having begun the history of his amours, without almost any hope of bringing it to a conclusion.

Thus, reader, I advise you to choose the alternative; and, for want of James's amours, to be satisfied with the adventures of the secretary of the Marquis des Arcis. Besides I see him,
the

the poor devil, James, with a large handkerchief tied round his neck, his travelling flask, formerly full of good wine, containing nothing but water-gruel, coughing, swearing against the hostess they had left, and against her Champagne, which he never would have done, had he recollected that every thing was decreed on high, even his cold. And then too, reader, always love stories ; one, two, three, four love stories, with which I have presented you ; three or four other love stories, which still await you ; these are too many love stories. On the other hand, it is true, since we write for you, we must either dispense with your applause, or serve you to your mind ; and, of course, you must have determined in favour of the love stories. All your novels, in prose and verse, are love stories ;

stories ; almost all your poems, elegies, eclogues, idyls, songs, epistles, comedies, tragedies, operas, are all love stories ; almost all your paintings and your sculptures are nothing but love stories. Ever since you existed you have been fed upon love stories, and you are never tired. You have been kept on this diet, and you will be kept on it still longer ; all of you, men and women, little and grown up children, without your ever being tired.

In truth, this is wondrous. I would the history of the secretary of the Marquis des Arcis were also a love story ; but I fear it will not turn on that subject ; and it will weary you. So much the worse for the Marquis des Arcis, for James's Master, for you, reader, and for me.

There

There is a time when almost all young persons of both sexes fall into melancholy ; they are tormented with a restless disquietude, which is constantly busied with various objects, among which it seeks tranquillity in vain. They retire and mope in solitude ; they are touched with the silence of the cloister ; they yield to the seductions of that peaceful form which seems to reign in a convent. They mistake the first efforts of their constitutional system at developement, for the voice of God, dictating the line of conduct that they ought to pursue ; and it is precisely when nature solicits them to follow the path which she points out, that they embrace a line of life directly contrary to her views. The error is of short continuance ; nature's dictates become more clear, they recognize

cognize her voice, and the sequestered being falls a victim to regret, languor, vapours, madness, or despair . . .

Such was the preamble of the Marquis des Arcis. Disgusted with the world at the age of seventeen, Richard (that was the name of my secretary) fled from his father's house, and assumed the habit of a monk.

M A S T E R.

Of Prémontré ? I give him joy of it. They are as white as swans ; and St. Norbert, the founder of the order, omitted only one thing in its constitution . . .

MARQUIS DES ARCIS.

To assign a help-mate to each of these monks.

MASTER.

MASTER.

If it were not the practice for Cupids to go quite naked they would disguise themselves in the habit of Norbertins. A singular policy prevails in the order. They permit you to hold connection with a Dutchess, a Marchioness, a Countess, a lady of a president, a counsellor or even of a farmer of the revenue, but not with the wife of a citizen; let a merchant's wife be as handsome as she may, you will seldom see a Norbertin in her shop.

MARQUIS DES ARCIS.

This is just what Richard has told me, After two years of a noviciate, Richard would have taken the vows if his parents had not opposed the step. His father requested that he would return to
his

his house, and that there he should make trial of his profession, by observing all the rules of the monastic life with strictness, and without any exception. The probationary year having elapsed under the eye of his family, Richard desired to take his vows. His father replied; I have granted you a year in order to form a decisive resolution; I hope that you will not refuse me one for the same purpose; I consent only to your passing it wherever you please . . . Before the expiration of this second period of delay, the Abbé of the order had gained Richard's confidence. In this interval he was involved in one of those adventures which happen only in convents. There was, at that time, at the head of one of the houses of the order, a superior of an extraordinary character; his name was father Hudson. Father Hudson

had a most interesting figure : a large forehead, an oval countenance, an aquiline nose, large blue eyes, fine broad cheeks, a pretty mouth and beautiful teeth, an arch smile in his face, a head of strong white hair, which added dignity to the interest of his figure ; he was possessed of wit, knowledge, gaiety, a very genteel carriage and address, a love of order and of labour ; but he had most ungovernable passions, most accomplished talents for intrigue, an insatiable desire for pleasure and for women, most dissolute morals, and he had established a most absolute despotism in his house. When the administration of the house was devolved upon him, it was corrupted with Jansenistical ignorance ; the studies were ill conducted, the temporal concerns were all in confusion, religious duties were neglected, divine

divine service was indecently performed, the spare lodgings were occupied by dissolute boarders. Father Hudson converted or sent away the Jansenists, presided himself over the studies, re-established order in temporal matters, restored energy to the rules, expelled the scandalous boarders, introduced into the performance of divine service regularity and decorum, and rendered his society one of the most improving. But this austere regimen, which he imposed upon others he dispensed with himself; the iron yoke to which he kept his inferiors subject, he was not dupe enough to share; they of course entertained a resentment against Father Hudson, which was the more violent and the more dangerous from being concealed. Every one was his enemy and a spy upon his conduct, every one was eager privately

to pry into the secrets of his character; every one kept a separate statement of his concealed recesses; every one was determined to undo him; he could not take a step which was not traced, his intrigues were scarcely planned before they were known.

The Abbé of the order had a house adjoining the monastery. This house had two doors, one of which opened to the street, the other to the cloisters; Hudson had forced the bolts, the Abbé's apartments had become the scenes of his nocturnal exploits, and the Abbé's bed of his pleasures. When night was well advanced, he introduced, by the street door into the Abbé's apartments, women of all descriptions; there also he gave delicate suppers. Hudson had a confessionary, and he debauched all his penitents

nitents who were worth the trouble. Among his penitents was a confectioner's wife, a pretty little woman, whose coquetry and charms made a great noise in the quarter in which she lived; Hudson, who could not visit her at her own house, shut her up in his seraglio. This species of rape did not fail to excite suspicion in her relations and husband. They paid him a visit. Hudson received them with an air of surprise. As these good people were preparing to explain to him their chagrin, the clock struck; it was six in the evening. Hudson enjoins silence, takes off his hat, rises, makes the sign of the cross, and says in a grave and impressive tone: *Angelus Domini nunciavit Mariæ . . .* The father of the confectioner's wife and her brothers said to the husband as they went down stairs, ashamed of their suspicions: son, you are a fool. . . brother,

are you not ashamed? A man who says the *Angelus*, such a godly man!

One night in winter, as he was returning to his convent, he was attacked by one of those creatures who solicit the favours of passengers; she appeared to him to be handsome; he followed her; scarcely had he entered with her when he was surprised by the watch. This adventure would have ruined any other person, but Hudson was a man dexterous in expedients, and this accident procured him the good will and the protection of a magistrate of police. When he was conducted into his presence, he made the following address: My name is Hudson, I am the superior of my house. When I entered it every thing was in disorder, there were neither science, discipline, nor morals, spiritual
tual

tual matters were scandalously neglected, and the temporal affairs of the house were fast advancing to ruin. I re-established every thing, but I am a man, and I choose rather to pay my addresses to a woman who is already debauched than to a virtuous woman. You may dispose of me, at present, in what way you please . . . The magistrate recommended to him to be more circumspect in future, promised him to keep this adventure secret, and intimated a wish for his future acquaintance.

In the mean while the enemies, by whom he was beset, each individually sent to the general of the order some memoirs, in which the bad conduct of Hudson was exposed. A comparison of these memoirs strengthened the charge. The general was a Jansenist,

and consequently disposed to avenge himself upon Hudson, for the persecution which he had exercised against the adherents of his opinions. He would have been delighted to hear the reproach of corrupt manners against any individual who defended the Bull, or of loose morals against the whole sect. Of course he puts the different memoirs of the facts and actions laid to Hudson's charge, in the hands of two commissioners whom he dispatches privately with orders to proceed in ascertaining them and in establishing them judicially, and with particular injunctions, to regulate their conduct through the whole of the business with the greatest circumspection, which would be the only way to bring the guilt suddenly home to him, and of withdrawing him from the protection of the court and

of Mirepoix, in whose opinion Jansenism was the greatest of all crimes, and submission to the bull *unigenitus*, the first of virtues; Richard, my secretary, was one of the commissioners.

Conceive these two men out of their noviciate, settled in Hudson's house, proceeding slyly upon their information. They had collected a list of crimes which were more than sufficient to have thrown fifty monks in prison for life. They had staid for a considerable time and managed matters so dexterously, that nothing relating to their design had transpired. Hudson, deep as he was, was on the brink of ruin before he entertained the slightest suspicion. At length, however, the carelessness of the strangers in paying court to him, the secrecy of their journey, their going

ing out sometimes together, at other times separately; their frequent conferences with the other monks; the sort of people who visited them and whom they went to visit, excited in his mind some uneasiness. He watched them, he set spies upon their conduct, and soon discovered the object of their mission. He was not the least disconcerted; he set about projecting a scheme not to escape the storm by which he was threatened, but to draw it upon the head of the two commissioners, and the following was the extraordinary plan upon which he resolved,

He had seduced a young girl whom he kept concealed in a small lodging in the suburbs of Saint-Medard. He hastened to her house where he had the following conversation with her: My

dear child, every thing is discovered, we are undone; before eight days have elapsed you will be put in confinement, and I know not what they will do with me. Do not despair; no tears; recover from your embarrassment. Hearken, do what I desire you, do it faithfully and leave the rest to me. To-morrow I set out for the country; in my absence go and find out the two monks whose names I am going to mention: (mentioning the names of the two commissioners). Desire to speak with them in private. When you are alone with them prostrate yourself at their feet, implore their assistance, implore their justice, implore their mediation with the general with whom you know they have great influence; weep, sigh, tear your hair, and while you are weeping, sighing, and tearing your hair, tell them

them the whole of your story, and relate it in a way the best fitted to inspire them with compassion for you and horror at me.—How, sir ! I must tell them . . .—Yes, you must tell them who you are, to whom you belong, that I seduced you at the tribunal of confession, carried you off from the arms of your relations, and confined you in the house where you now are. Say, that after having robbed you of your honour and precipitated you into crime, I abandoned you to misery, and that you know not what to do.—But Father . . .—Execute what I have already enjoined you, and what I am about to enjoin, or resolve upon your own ruin and mine. These two monks will not fail to sympathize with you, to assure you of their assistance and to request of you a second interview, which you will grant them.

They

They will inform themselves respecting you and your relations, and as you shall have said nothing to them which is not true, you will not be liable to suspicion. After the first and second interview, I will inform you what you shall have to do at the third. Mind only to act your part well.

Every thing happened as Hudson had supposed. He made a second journey. The two commissioners informed the young girl of it, she returned to the house. They requested her to relate her unfortunate history. While she was recounting it to one the other took notes of it in a memorandum book. They lamented her situation, informed her of the desolate state of her relations, which was but too true, and promised her security for her person and speedy vengeance

vengeance upon her seducer, on condition that she would sign a declaration. From this proposition she appeared at first to revolt; they insisted, however, and she consented. The only points to settle were the day, the hour, and the place where this instrument was to be drawn up, which required time and convenience . . . It cannot be done where we are; if the Friar should return and see what I am about . . . At my house; I cannot propose that to you . . . The girl and the commissioners parted, granting each other reciprocally time to remove these difficulties.

On the same day Father Hudson was informed of what had passed. He was overpowered with joy, he had arrived at the very moment of his triumph, he will soon teach these immaculates what sort
of

of a man they have to deal with. Take a pen, says he to the young girl, and appoint a meeting with them at a place which I shall shew you. They will agree to the meeting I am sure. It is a decent house, and the woman who occupies it enjoys, in her neighbourhood and among the other lodgers, the fairest reputation.

This woman was one of those private intriguers, who, under the mask of devotion, insinuate themselves into the most respectable families; who have a pleasant and obliging manner; and who surprise the confidence of mothers and daughters in order to debauch them. This was the use which Hudson made of this woman; she was his go-between. Whether or not he let this intriguer into his secret! I know not.

Lo

In fact the general's two envoys agreed to the meeting. Conceive them in the house with the young girl. The intriguer retires. They were beginning to take down her deposition when they heard a great noise in the house.—Gentlemen, what do you want?—We want Mrs. Simion—(this was the intriguer's name)—You are at her door . . . They knock with violence at the door. Gentlemen, says the girl to the two monks, shall I answer?—Answer.—Shall I open?—Open.— . . . The person who spoke on the outside of the door was a commissioner with whom Hudson was in habits of intimacy, for with whom was he not acquainted? He had discovered to him the danger he was in, and prescribed to him his part. Ah! Ah! said the commissary on entering, two monks *tête-à-tête* with a girl! Egad, she's not amiss! —The

—The girl was so indecently dressed that it was impossible to mistake her situation, and the business which she had to transact with the two monks, the eldest of whom was not thirty. The monks protested their innocence. The commissioner chuckled the girl under the chin, who had thrown herself at his feet, begging his pardon. We are in a decent place, said the monks.—Yes, yes, in a very decent place, replied the commissary.—They were come there on important business.—Aye, aye, we know the important business which has brought you here well enough!—Speak Miss.—Mr. Commissary, I assure you that what these gentlemen have told you is the simple truth . . . In the mean while the commissary began to make out a deposition in his turn, and as it contained nothing but a candid and simple statement of the fact, the

two monks were obliged to sign it. As they went down they found all the lodgers upon the landings leading to their different apartments, and at the door of the house a great crowd of people, a hackney coach, and some officers of justice who saw them into the coach, amid a confused noise of invectives and of hootings. They covered their faces with their cloaks, they were in great distress. The perfidious commissary cried, but why, good fathers, frequent such places with such a creature as this? In the mean time nothing can be done! I have orders from the police to place you in the hands of your superior, who is a generous and indulgent man, he will not attach greater importance to your offence than it really possesses. I do not think that they will treat you in your houses as if you were with

with cruel Capuchins ; if you had to do with Capuchins I would pity you . . .

While the commissary was talking to them the coach drove towards the convent ; the crowd increased, surrounded them, preceded and followed them at full speed. On one side, was heard, What's the matter ? . . On the other, They are monks. — What have they done ? — They were found at the lodgings of some girls. — Norbertins with the girls ! — Aye, so they are treading in the steps of Carmelites and Franciscans ! . At length they arrived. The commissary alights, knocks at the door, knocks again, knocks a third time, and, at last, the door is opened. They send notice to superior Hudson, who makes them wait half an hour at least, in order to make the offence as noto-

rious as possible. He at last appeared. The commissary whispered in his ear ; the commissary affected to intercede for them. Hudson rejected his petition ; and, at length, assuming a stern aspect, and a determined tone of voice, he said to him ; I have no profligate monks in my house ; these persons are lewd strangers whom I know nothing of ; perhaps they are two rascals in disguise, with whom you may do whatever you have a mind . . . When he had uttered these words, the door was shut ; the commissary returned to the carriage, and said to our poor devils, who were rather dead than alive, I have done every thing in my power ; I never could have believed that Father Hudson would have been so severe. But why the devil go in this way to bad girls' apartments ?—If she with whom you found us is one, it
was

was no licentious errand that took us to her apartments.—Ah ! ah ! my good father, he is an old commissary to whom you are speaking ! What are you ?—We are monks, and the dress which we wear is that of our order.—Remember that this business must be cleared up to-morrow ; speak the truth, perhaps I may be of service to you.—We have told the truth . . . But where are we going ?—To the Petit-Châtelet.—To the prison of the Châtelet !—I am distracted at the thought.

There, in fact, Richard and his companion were lodged ; but Hudson's plan was not to leave them there. He set off in a post chaise ; he arrived at Versailles ; he spoke to the minister, he related the business to him, as it best suited his purpose. See, my lord, to

what a man is exposed, when he introduces reform into an irregular house, and when he banishes hereticks from it. A moment later, and I should have been disgraced; I should have been undone. Their persecution will not stop here; all the calumnies with which it is possible to blacken the character of a man of worth, you will hear; but, my lord, you will recollect that our general . . .—I know, I know, and I pity you. The services which you have rendered the church, and your order, shall not be forgotten. The Lord's elect are at all times exposed to ignominy; they know how to bear it; you must imitate their fortitude. Depend upon the favour and protection of the king. The monks! the monks! I have been one myself, and I know by experience of what they are capable.—If the good of the church
or

or of the state require that you survive me, I would persevere without fear.—I shall not fail to remove you from your present situation. Go.—No, my lord, no, I cannot leave you without an express order to set these two wicked monks free from their captivity . . . I see that from your habit, and, for the honour of your religion, you are ready to forget personal injuries; this is being quite a Christian! and I am improved by such a man as you, without being surprised. This affair shall not be made more public.—Ah! my lord, you overpower me with joy! That is all of which I am now afraid.—I will take care of that.

On the same night Hudson obtained orders to enlarge them, and, next morning, at day-break, Richard and his

companion were twenty leagues from Paris, under the care of an exempt, who placed them again in their convent. He also carried a letter enjoining the general to desist from similar machinations, and to inflict the monastic punishment upon our two monks.

This adventure infused consternation into Hudson's enemies; there was not a monk in the house who did not tremble with awe at his look. Some months after, he was provided with a rich abbey. The general conceived a mortal dislike to him. He was old, and he had every reason to fear, that the Abbé Hudson would succeed him. He was warmly attached to Richard.

My poor friend, said he to him one day, What will become of you if you
fall

fall into the power of the abandoned Hudson?—I am afraid of it.—You are under no engagement ; if you take my advice, you will quit the order . . . Richard took his counsel, and returned to his father's house, which was not at a great distance from the abbey, possessed by Hudson.

Hudson and Richard frequenting the same houses, it was impossible that they should not meet ; and, in fact, they did meet. Richard was one day with the lady of a villa, situated between Châlons and St. Dizier, but much nearer St. Dizier than Châlons, and within gun-shot of Hudson's abbey. The lady said to him, We have here an old prior, he appears very amiable ; but, in reality, what character is he?—The best of friends, and the most dangerous of enemies.—Can't you be tempted to visit him?—

By no means . . . Scarcely had he made this answer, when they heard the noise of a phaeton, which entered the court, and from which Hudson, with one of the most beautiful ladies in the district, dismounted.—You will see him in spite of your inclination, says the lady of the villa to him ; for it is he.

The lady of the villa and Richard went to meet the Abbé Hudson and the lady, who had come with him in the phaeton. The ladies saluted one another ; Hudson recognizing Richard, as he approached him, exclaims, Ah ! is it you, my dear Richard ? You intended to ruin me, but I forgive you ; forgive me the visit on which I sent you to the Châtelet, and think no more of it.—You confess, Mr. Abbé, that you are a great rogue.—It may be

so.—If justice had been done, it was you, not I, who should have paid the visit to the Châtelet.—It may be so. It is owing, I believe, to the danger which I run at that time, that I owe my new habits of life. Ah! my dear Richard! what an alteration that made upon me, and how I am changed!—But that is a charming lady that you have with you.—I have no taste for her attractions.—What a figure!—I am become indifferent to all this.—How plump and healthful she is!—We sooner or later conquer the desire of rambling amid the wilds of pleasure, which are interspersed with precipices, that we are in danger, at every step, of falling and breaking our necks.—She has the finest hands in the world.—I have given up admiring hands; a mind well formed, acquires the spirit of its situation, which alone is
the

the way to attain true happiness.—And the bewitching glances which she throws at you, convince me that you, who are a connoisseur, never could have been more affected than by those sweet and brilliant eyes. What grace, what ease, what dignity in her gait and in her mien!—I think no more of these vanities; I read the Scriptures and meditate upon the Fathers.—Aye, aye, and sometimes upon the perfections of this lady. Does she live far from the monastery? Is her husband young?... Hudson, impatient at these questions, and well convinced that Richard did not take him for a saint, says frankly to him, My dear Richard, you, you... of me, and you are right.

My

My dear reader, pardon me the impropriety of this expression ; and confess that here, as in an infinite number of stories ; such, for example, as in the conversation of Abbé Piron with the Abbé Vatri, it would spoil every thing to fill up the blank. — Where is this conversation between the Abbé Piron and the Abbé Vatri to be found ? — Go and ask the editor of their works, who has not had courage to write it ; but who will not scruple to tell it you.

Our four personages entered the house where they dined well and gaily, and parted at night under promise to see one another again . . . But, while the Marquis was talking with James's Master, James was in close conversation with Mr. Secretary Richard, who found him

him to be an original, which would often be the case with men, did not education first and afterwards intercourse with the world, make them, like pieces of money, which, from having been in circulation, lose their original value. It was late; the clock warned masters and valets that it was the hour of repose, and they obeyed its call.

END OF VOL. II.



